

HUSTLER

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AUGUST 1978 \$2.25

**THE
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SPECIAL
ISSUE

WHITE HOUSE

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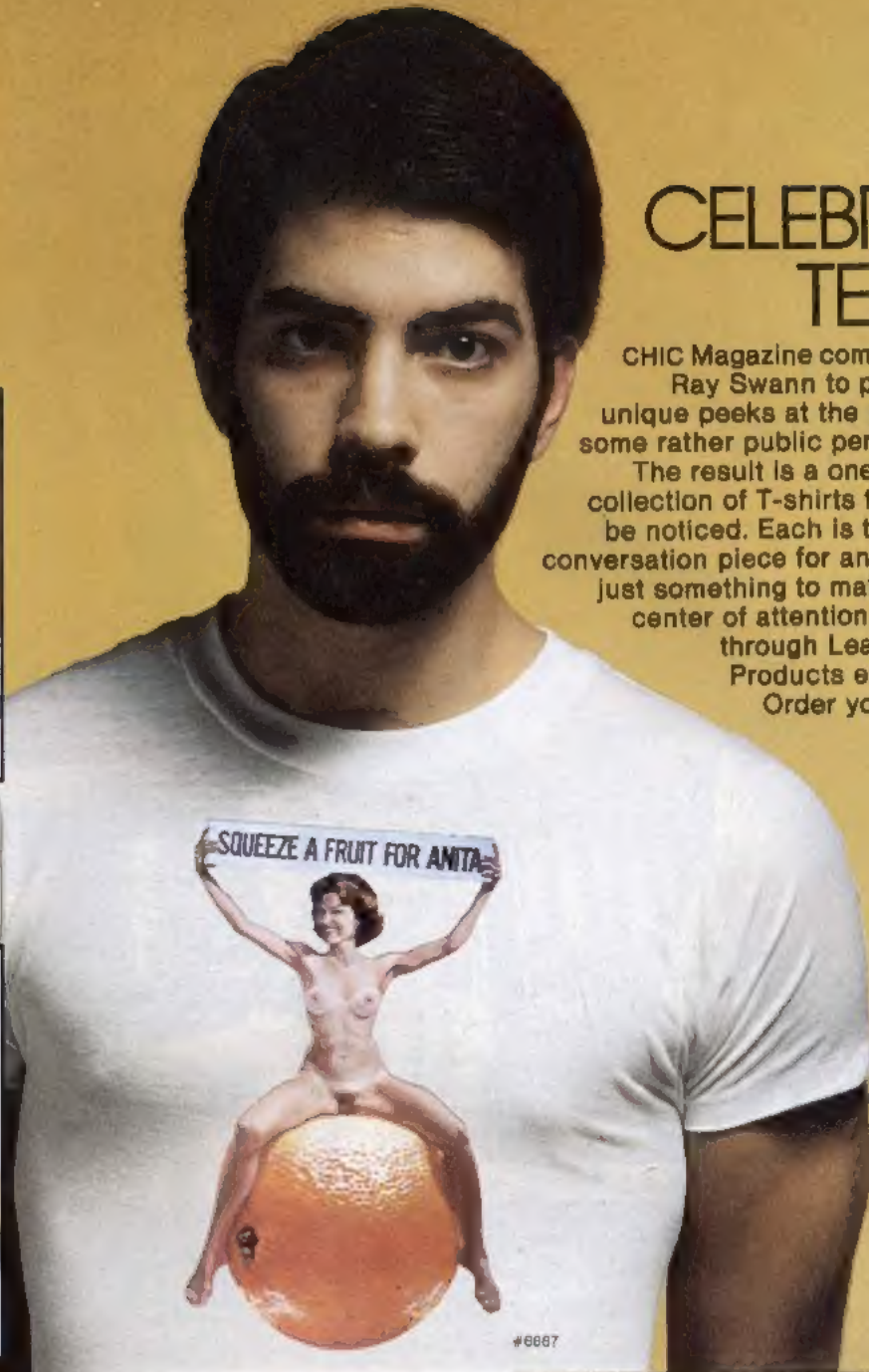
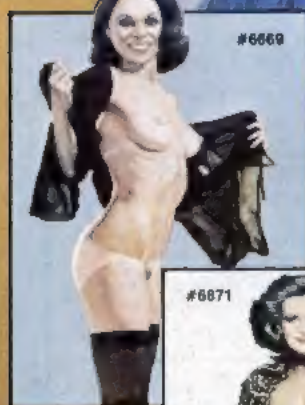
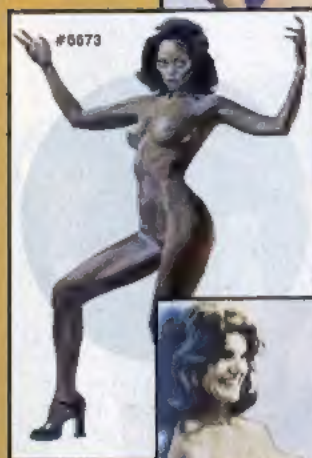
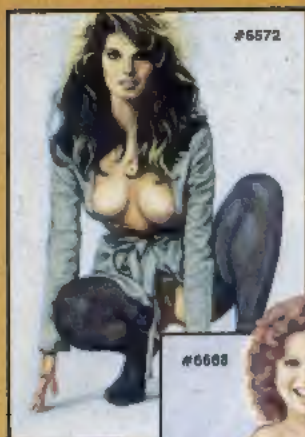
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HUSTLER

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Create a Nuisance Today

It would be a misdemeanor for me to allow a dog to create a nuisance in a public place. That's legal language for taking a shit and leaving it. Since I don't enjoy stepping in dog shit when I walk on grass, of course I think it's a reasonable law. What I object to, though, is how the marketplace of ideas and images is getting treated more and more like dog shit.

Recently I participated in a mock obscenity trial of HUSTLER at Southwestern University School of Law in Los Angeles.

Professor James Kushner wrote to me, saying that "the jury returned a verdict of six votes for acquittal and six votes for conviction. This is somewhat disturbing to me, as it is the most conservative jury verdict that has occurred in the several years during which I have done obscenity trials. This is especially so in light of the fact that you, as publisher, were actually a guest in the class. I would think it's a bit easier to convict someone you've never met, as opposed to someone who is a real person. The verdict indicates to me a reinforcement of a belief that law students are becoming generally more conservative. . . ."

To a certain extent their compromise of the First Amendment is a reflection of their older brothers and sisters who have canceled membership in the American

Civil Liberties Union because the ACLU supported the right of neo-Nazis to march in Skokie, Illinois.

True, the sight of home-grown storm troopers is incredibly offensive, particularly to survivors of genocide and to the relatives of victims. But is our faith in democracy so weak that we would take on the suppressive methods of fascism in order to fight fascists?

That is really an emotional reaction, not to any specific illegal *action*, but rather to a *symbol*. Namely, the swastika.

To be consistent, those phony liberals who object to Nazi regalia in public ought to oppose the presence of a crucifix, which symbolizes not only the capital punishment of Jesus Christ but also represents the countless innocent human beings who were slaughtered in His name during the Crusades.

On one of my visits to Emory University Hospital in Atlanta, where Larry Flynt was being treated (he's on the mend now, back in Ohio), the taxi I took from the airport was driven by a black man, who said he missed reading HUSTLER; it was no longer available on newsstands there.

Freedom of the press must stand firmly on *both* feet—the right to publish and the right to distribute. It is a form of slavery for that cabdriver not to be able

to purchase any magazine of his choice.

HUSTLER is a living example of the right to be irreverent. In fact, irreverence can be the highest form of reverence, because true reverence is not based on fear. There is no contradiction, for instance, between the spirituality of Ruth Carter Stapleton and the likelihood that she will laugh her religious ass off when she opens up this issue.

It is to her credit that she has not "disowned" Larry because he has continued to exercise his right to be offensive. Indeed, he has displayed the same kind of loyalty by refusing to fire me when she suggested it. I am not exactly on the White House Top 40 list.

Apparently, after my appointment here was announced, reporters asked her if she knew the kind of stuff I have published in the past, such as that infamous scenario in which Jacqueline Kennedy discovered Lyndon Johnson fucking John F. Kennedy in his throat wound on the plane from Dallas to Washington.

There is no truth, incidentally, to the rumor that Althea Flynt discovered me fucking Larry Flynt in his stomach wound on the plane from Atlanta to Columbus.

As for HUSTLER, we will continue to create a nuisance in public places. And that's no dog shit.

—Paul Krassner

SAVE THIS CHILD FROM THE SEVENTIES!



His name? We don't know. We found him wandering the streets of Beverly Hills, humming the latest Bee Gees record. He can't decide whether he wants to be John Travolta or Johnny Rotten. Like so many others, he's the confused product of the seventies. Chances are you know a punk like this. Perhaps it's even you. That's why you should subscribe to SLAM.

Each month SLAM slices away the polyester wardrobe that decorates the seventies. Before the decade closes, we'll be assaulted by Farrah's first album, a Star Wars sequel and a Kiss TV special. It may already be too late for this child. We know it looks hopeless, but if you fill out the coupon now, we think you can be saved. Subscribe to SLAM.

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SHOW&TELL

Cover by Alex Ebel

We bid you join us in a few toots of "Hail to the Chief" as we unleash our first presidential edition on an unsuspecting nation. We've always had a soft spot in our hearts for good ole country boys who make it big. Jimmy Carter's big moment, caught on our cover for posterity as he glimpses **RUTH CARTER STAPLETON IN THE PINK**, comes to you courtesy of **ALEX EBEL**. A New York area free-lance artist, Ebel has made a brilliant career for himself as an illustrator for medical journals, science books and men's magazines. In March's **HUSTLER** he stunned our readers with a baker's dozen of exquisitely rendered vaginas, and in the May issue he did it again with his obstetric Mother's Day cover. The President's sister appears this month, as we said, "in the pink" for the first time on any stage. Our First Sister spread is another Alex Ebel "hyperrealist" creation.

This month's photo fantasy, **THE WHITE HOUSE GYNECOLOGIST**, makes clear there's a lot that Jimmy Carter's never seen. It's a behind-the-scenes, feet-in-the-stirups saga of a political vagina, rendered with (we're sure you'll agree) peanutty good taste.

Filled with more of the same patriotic verve, we sent New York smut-hound **FRANK FORTUNATO** down to the President's hometown to see if Frank's pen and prick were mightier than the residents' rawboned conservatism. Fortunato is **HUSTLER**'s own roving commando; we've sent him to Cuba, to the Eulenspiegel Society in New York City and to massage parlors in every major American city. But we nearly lost him forever on this job, to the arms of a 99-percent-pure country girl. Details follow in Frank's report, **PLAINS, GEORGIA: LOOKING FOR MR. GOOBER**.

Tall, athletic, masculine and gay, **DON EMBINDER** is the publisher of *Blueboy*, the most successful magazine for




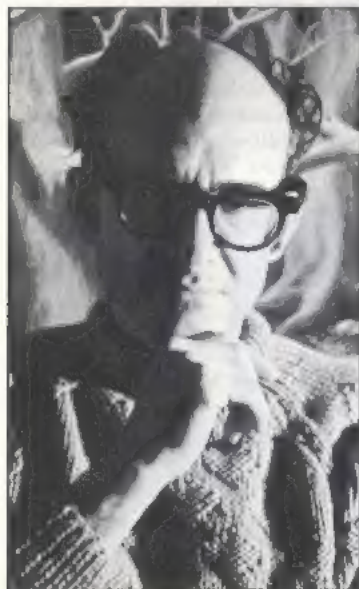
homosexuals in America. In this month's **INTERVIEW**, conducted by **JOHN BRADY**, Embinder expresses candid views on human rights, penises, Anita Bryant and the problems and pleasures of running a gay business. Brady is a *Writer's Digest* editor, author of *The Craft of Interviewing* and a writer for *New Times* and the *New York Times*.

The October 1977 **HUSTLER** reviewed **DR. KAREN SHANOR**'s first book, *The Fantasy Files*, dealing with females' sex dreams. We raved about it. Now we're raving about her new book, **THE SHANOR STUDY: THE SEXUAL SENSITIVITY OF THE AMERICAN MALE**. That's why we've extracted a portion of it for this issue. Dr. Shanor spotlights, with understanding and empathy, the ten most popular male

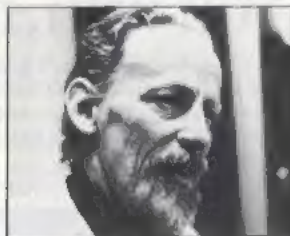
sexual fantasies. The photos are by **MATTI KLATT**.

Speaking of fantasy, no man writes it with more assurance than **THEODORE STURGEON**. His novels, such as *More Than Human* and *Venus Plus X*, have had an enormous influence on science-fiction readers and writers worldwide. He is currently negotiating with the French film director Bertrand Tavernier for the movie rights to *More Than Human*; in 1971 his short novelette *Slow Sculpture* won both the coveted Hugo and Nebula awards. With 40 years' experience in storytelling behind him, Sturgeon is one of the 20th century's most accomplished wordsmiths, whether describing feathered homosexuals from outer space—*The World Well Lost*—or, as he does this month in **HUSTLER**, a guy from California who finds the perfect woman. His story is entitled **IT'S YOU!**

SEX PRACTICES arrives quite naturally this month. **BILL NIRENBERG** tells of his involvement with the Lamaze method of natural childbirth (a boy!). The experience brought Bill and his wife closer together, and we hope this issue brings you and someone else just as close. 



Alex Ebel



Theodore Sturgeon



Frank Fortunato



John Brady



Dr. Karen Shanor



"The better to please you with, my dear."

"You're not Grandma!" exclaimed Red. "You're a big, bad wolf that's gonna eat me."

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FEEDBACK

Pregnant Popsies: I have just finished reading the May issue of your magazine. Who is the woman in the *Motherhood—Celebration of Life* spread? She's beautiful! My boyfriend said he would rather look at her than at the other models

Why not do a feature story on her? I'm 6 months pregnant myself, and I would love everyone to see my big tummy.

Pregnant women are *all* beautiful.

Priscilla Hyden
Romulus, Michigan

Why not submit a photograph of yourself to *Beaver Hunt*?

You have to be just plain kidding with your *Motherhood—Celebration of Life* shots. I agree that the miracle of birth is beautiful, but the spread of the bloated body is a little too much to accept. But, then, maybe you all like cabbage farts. To each his own.

Bud Calvert
Kissee Mills, Missouri

For Love of Amy: In June's *Beaver Hunt* you published a picture of Mrs. Amy Jones. Fantastic!! A mature woman posed, you published her and that's the end of her? You HUSTLER fools!!

Christ!! She's over 30! She's beautiful! She shows cunt! Tit to boot! Why the hell don't you put her in a full-page spread? You are always putting the under-30 (or worse, under-20) women into the damn *Beaver Hunt*! What the hell's wrong with women over 30?

Name Withheld by Request
Fayetteville, North Carolina

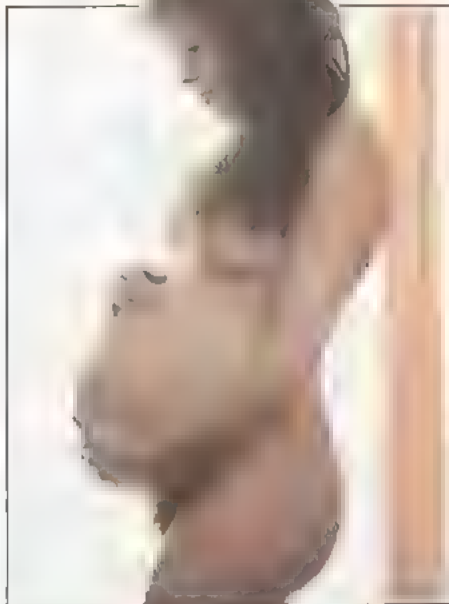
As a HUSTLER reader of long standing, I'd love to see you forward to your Photo Editor, Frank DeLia, my request to see HUSTLER do a five- or six-page spread in a future issue using Mrs. Amy Jones as the sole model!

When I saw this very mature, dignified lady posed in the June *Beaver Hunt*, her picture caused stirrings in my crotch that usually don't occur so rapidly. Mrs. Jones has a lot of class and her facial features radiate the dignity and mature sensuality that every man loves and appreciates in a woman! HUSTLER will find few, if any, mature women over 30 who can match her appearance, class and dignity. Please give her a chance to really pose for HUSTLER.

Howard Blake
Baltimore, Maryland

Amy Jones is certainly a rousing turn-on to my buddies and me at Ft. Bragg! We would love seeing you use her in a full pictorial spread, posed naked with a fully clothed black man shaving her hairy, mature cunt. Hell, as classy and respectable as Mrs. Jones looks, seeing her spreading herself and submitting to a black man shaving her most intimate beaver would be mindblowing!

We really mean having a black man shave



her! Shave her cunt, thigh tops, around her cunt and her mature asshole too!

J. W. P. & Friends
Fort Bragg, North Carolina

Marked for Life: This letter is in reference to your pictorial item called "Lock-up," featuring a locked, tattooed woman in your May *Bits & Pieces*. The accompanying text seems to be inconsistent with HUSTLER's overall liberal attitude. I sincerely hope your staff isn't developing a bigoted attitude. Just because the author of this *Bits & Pieces* item may have no interest in a particular field does not give him the right to pass judgment on those who do have (and are proud of) their own peculiar interests

I've always believed that a person has the right to do as he pleases to his body or to whomever he chooses as long as all persons involved agree and consent. I always thought HUSTLER followed this general concept

Personally, I'm not into body tattoos and piercings; however, I feel the pictured woman's body tattoo was both sensual and in good taste. The tit-rings looked well-installed and useful. The cunt-lock *could* be uncomfortable (her crotch could be severely chafed); however, the lady appears to be very happy. I admire her for having the guts to do things that are not generally accepted and yet make her happy.

If someone chooses to decorate his or her body with a tattoo or an ornament (useful or not), why should anyone else consider them "marked for life" or needing "help"?—especially if they are happy.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

What's the Message? I've been buying and enjoying your magazine for years. I just bought your May issue, but after reading it, I don't feel I will purchase any more HUSTLERs. Pornography for pornography's sake is fine, but I find that pornography with a message turns me off

Donald Pedersen
Rochester, New York

Frankly, gentlemen, I am confused. HUSTLER presently conveys two distinctly different images, and I simply can't make the connection.

On the one hand you use a logo of a cigar-chomping, blue-collar male "beaver" sporting a hard hat and carrying a lunch pail. The image is clear enough: HUSTLER is the workingman's porno periodical. Well and good. Now . . . enter Paul Krassner. Okay—leftist, hard-hitting radical journalism. Also well and good

However—and here comes the confusing part—why Krassner? Or better yet: "Krassner, why HUSTLER?" What is to be accomplished here? Does Larry Flynt intend to radicalize the rank and file? Will Krassner introduce his followers to some new brand of porn—radical pink?—thereby

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POTS K 233

FEEDBACK

expanding HUSTLER's circulation? Am I being too cynical? What's going on?

Tom Keller
Portland, Oregon

I must say I never thought I would see the day when you would stoop so fuckin' low as to put a bunch of nigger-lovin', creepin' sons of bitches in your used-to-be-decent magazine.

Why don't you leave out the fags, the lesbians and the niggers and keep your book the best there is? They don't put pictures of a woman and man together in *Blueboy*; they sure as hell don't put whites in *Ebony*. Be cool and stay the way you were.

Diana Palmer
Anderson, Indiana

More Shooting Responses: I'm writing in reference to your May issue. It confirms my beliefs that HUSTLER is the most fucked-up magazine I've ever read. I don't believe in abusing freedom of the press. Larry Flynt is the biggest hypocrite in the world, and if he really believed in God, he would quit printing this shit! I think he truly deserved to get shot—and I hope he gets shot again... and again... and again! Fuck you very much!

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

I am deeply gratified to hear of Larry's steady improvement and to learn that he has been able to return to his hometown. The news reports quote the doctors as describing his recovery as "miraculous." This is really great news.

The attack upon him was the work of a lunatic and coward, and I don't think I could have been more grieved and angry if it had been committed against a member of my own family. I'm sure I was only one of thousands of his supporters who listened to the news reports with terrible apprehension in those first hours after the shooting, waiting for the latest word on his condition.

I am confident that the remarkable courage and determination that he has exhibited in facing past adversities will remain as unshakable as ever, helping him through his present difficulties and serving as a singular inspiration to those of us who are not nearly as brave.

Remember Nietzsche's words: "What doesn't kill me makes me stronger."

J. R. Kohlhepp
Cincinnati, Ohio

It seems that whenever a man speaks out for his beliefs, or stands up for his rights and the rights of others, he usually gets blown away. Over the last few years Larry Flynt has done more than any other American to try to enlighten our citizens about the everyday obscenities around them. The humor in HUSTLER has come under attack, the editorial stand has been attacked, and now the publisher has been attacked.

It seems to me that the rule of this nation is, "If you don't understand it, kill!" Why are people so closed-up?

After some investigation here in Southern California I've narrowed the suspects in the shooting down to two hypothetical people.

The first one is a lifelong HUSTLER subscriber who feels sold down the river by Larry's conversion. He feels betrayed and abandoned. He feels that everything HUSTLER taught him is somehow no longer meaningful.

The second suspect carries a Bible. He is a messenger of God who's come to save the world. He saw through Larry's "conversion." He "knew" a man like Larry could never accept Christ, and he was sent a message from God that Larry was just trying to cover-up his work by using the Lord's name in vain.

There you have it. Capture these two men, and I guarantee one will confess.

Joe A. Hearn, Jr.
San Diego, California

As a human being and an American, I salute Larry Flynt for his courage in seeking the truth about JFK's assassination. God bless you, and keep up the good work! A rotting carcass doesn't stop stinking just because it's hidden in a closet. Sooner or later the whole disgusting web of lies will be exposed. It's easy to see why the CIA's goons are out taking potshots: They know that when Americans find out what really

happened in Dallas 15 years ago, Watergate will look like a Sunday-school picnic.

M. C.
Denton, Texas

I recently heard a rumor that an extremist feminist group called FIRE (Female International Revolutionaries in Exile) is connected with the attempt on Mr. Flynt's life in Lawrenceville, Georgia.

If the rumor is true, I'd like to know where these assholes get off blaming Larry Flynt for the behavior of all the rapists who have attacked women in the past. Is Larry Flynt going to get blamed for every sex crime in history? Attacks on women have been going on since the world began, which, in case the members of FIRE don't realize it, was long before Larry Flynt was born. No one is responsible for a perverted mind except its owner.

R. M. J.
Los Angeles, California

This letter is to ease my conscience and to wish Larry Flynt well. When I heard that Flynt had been shot, I first thought, *God, I wonder if this will cancel the \$1 Million Give-away?* Even though the odds against it would be great, the thought of the chance of winning overshadowed the fact that he lay injured, possibly paralyzed for life, and all I was concerned about was myself.

It suddenly struck me that I was thinking just like people whom I detest because of



their selfishness and greed. This letter is my way of apologizing to Mr. Flynt, for he is the one in need

Tom Love, Jr.
Billings, Montana

Tortured Truths: I'm not one to reply to magazine articles. But I feel obligated to state my reactions to your story *Torture; You'll Tell Them Anything* (HUSTLER, May).

I am one of the multitude of Americans who feels cozy and safe in her day-to-day routine. I've seldom thought about the tragic events taking place throughout the rest of the world. It horrifies me to realize that such things could happen in our great nation.

Perhaps we've remained neutral this long because we are the Good Samaritans. We give foreigners food, tools and clothing, and we help them to kill themselves. Why do we get involved?

Samaritan Dawn Duffy
Asheboro, North Carolina

I read your article *Torture; You'll Tell Them Anything*. Mr. Braly diagnosed the misuse of power very effectively throughout his report. I was especially impressed by his comment that it was ancient kings who had invented the concept of a god who would approve of their power.

In my own study of history I have seen how the growth of organized religion closely parallels the development of empires and

governments. The truth is, men have been using the implied authority of God to back up their own beliefs and power since we first developed any concept of the divine.

It is time we recognized this truth, and began to rule our own lives, rather than allow our overzealous leaders to manufacture a myth to enforce their own corruption.

Ralph S. Haulk, Jr.
Forest City, North Carolina

Ass on the Bench: We'd like to express our feelings about the "Asshole of the Month" in your June issue of HUSTLER

Why in hell is Judge Evelyn Coffman still on the bench? How she can actually treat people this way is beyond understanding.

How many others have been mistreated by Judge Coffman in the cause of "justice?" Denying a woman the right to be with her son at the time of his death is completely wrong, let alone cruel. Somebody in authority should do something right away. Judge Coffman has already caused way too much grief, and we feel that she should be immediately removed from the bench.

Dean and Sherry Stockton
St. Charles, Missouri

I do not understand how this country can put a fucking asshole such as Judge Evelyn Coffman in a judicial position! Her decision to prevent Ms. Sloan from being with her dying child was cold and ruthless. All my sympathy goes to Ms. Sloan. As for you,

Judge Evelyn Coffman, I think you are a "cunt" and a disgrace to the judicial system in this country.

Bill Carey
Lakewood, California

Conspiracy Angle: Larry Flynt is right. The public has a right to know who was really behind the assassination of John F. Kennedy. No more cover-ups

Jack Kennedy's murder was caused by a conspiracy—the conspiracy of indifference on the part of the American people. Kennedy came to us with a vision of how great this country could be. He hoped to eliminate bigotry, poverty and fear, and to expand every individual's hopes and potentials. This vision extended not just to America but to all of humanity. His vision was not perfect, but it *was* a vision and it *was* a direction.

The American people were responsible for President John F. Kennedy's death. Only we can atone, and only we can rekindle the flame and catch his vision.

Frank E. Rickel
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Gassy Bubbles: I've seen girls underwater a few times in HUSTLER. But men were with them, and that ruined the whole effect for me. Why don't you show just girls—lezbians, girls in bondage, girls wrestling, girls in breath-holding contests or just girls swimming underwater? Submerged girls are beautiful, and the variety is endless. You could even show some "gassy bubbles."

J. P.
Atlantic City, New Jersey

Little Boy Lost! I just want to say that the full-page request in the May 1978 issue ("Have You Seen This Little Boy?") really touched me. After all the things that have been said about your magazine, you can't be as bad as all those bastards claim that you are. We live in a nation where we have the right to read what we want.

Keep up the printing of HUSTLER, and I'll always buy a copy.

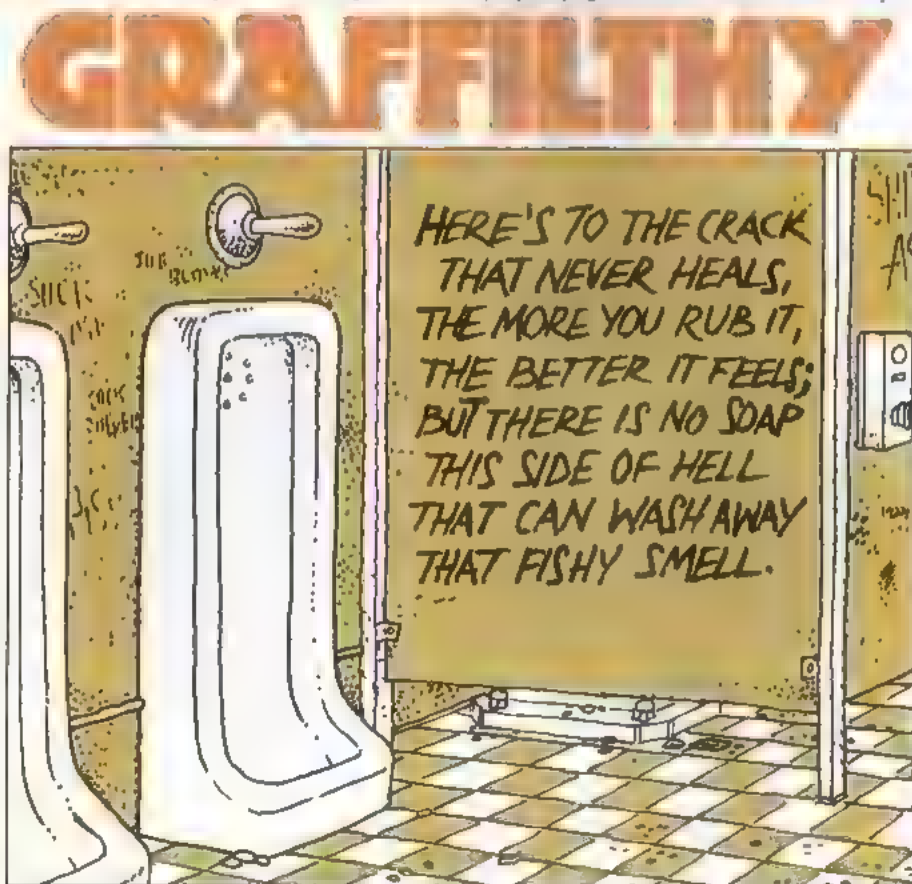
Jay Moran
Brunswick, Maine

As we reported in July's *Bits & Pieces*, the body of 5-year-old Keith Holliday was found in his parents' ice-filled swimming pool.

\$1 Million Giveaway: Why on earth did you put the coupons for your \$1 Million Giveaway on the inside of the front page? I'm a subscriber and collector, and so far I have 31 whole issues and four cut-up ones. I'm disappointed. Shape up!

Peter Seelbach
Bradenton, Florida

You don't have to cut up your copies of HUSTLER to enter the contest. A facsimile of the entry blank will suffice, or even a plain 3" x 5" card with your name, address, Zip code and telephone number, plus one number between 0 and 9.



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World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

Recently, a green, 25-pound frozen blob fell from the sky in Ripley, Tennessee. However, it was not the product of a UFO, but of an airplane with leaky plumbing. This type of close encounter is nothing new. The contents of airplane lavatories are flushed with a bluish-green chemical into a holding tank with outside valves to be drained by ground crews. Sometimes these valves leak to the outside of the airplane where the escaping liquid freezes in the subzero temperatures of high-altitude flying. If the leak continues, the blob grows in size and eventually falls off. In 1974, the most serious lavatory leak ever occurred on a 727 when fluid trickled from a leaky valve into the air intake of one of the engines. Ice formed in the fans, stopping the machinery so suddenly that the change in forces ripped it from the plane. Human feces had hit the fan.

The public school district of Chula Vista, a small California town, is considering a proposed Bible ban after citizens there complained to the board of education about alleged pornography in the Good Book. One citizen claimed that the Old Testament contained "rape, incest, murder, vivisection and other heinous, even sexual crimes," while writer Michael Straczynski told the board that there were portions of the Bible that "I would be embarrassed to read to you." The school district's trustees voted unanimously to turn the issue of banning the Bible over to a committee for further study.

With more women training seriously for competitive sports, concern has arisen that this may be the cause of menstrual irregularities among women athletes. In Dr. Kenneth Foreman's study of female long-distance runners, "approximately 17% of those surveyed manifested 'irregularity'...a range of not having a period more frequently than once every 40 days to not having periods at all." By contrast, not one case was found in Foreman's control group. Gymnasts, swimmers, ice skaters, distance skiers and ballet dancers also showed similar signs of this irregularity; it seems to occur when the percentage of a woman's total weight accounted for by fat drops below 15%. (The proportion for the average runner, gymnast and ballet dancer is 12% or less.) These sports, however, require greater endurance and expenditures of energy than do other activities, so no one yet knows whether the exercise itself or the low body fat is to blame, nor what mechanism brings it on.

Studying the love affairs of 105 men and women, ages 18 to 43, whose romances had recently ended, Professor F.B. Meeker of California State Polytechnic University at Pomona concluded that the chance of a heated romance ending in a break-up is about 50-50 and that "like dope," there's "probably as much time lost to lovesickness as to hangovers." Ninety-four percent of those surveyed expected to fall in love again.

A new Senate study has found that the nation's biggest corporations are closely linked by directors who serve on each other's boards of directors or who serve together on the boards of a third company. For example, it was found that directors of General Motors and Ford sit together on the boards of two major banks and on the Procter & Gamble board, while General Motors and Chrysler interlock through the boards of AT&T and the Chase Manhattan Bank. This intermingling of corporate leaders in making major business decisions increases the likelihood that competition among the companies does not exist. The Senate report recommends that any officer or director of a company with one billion dollars or more in sales be prohibited by law from becoming an officer or director of any other company of similar size.

The Minnesota Department of Economic Development has come out with a ranking for the best and worst states in which to live. Their evaluation is based on such factors as education, culture, health care, civic-mindedness and income. Connecticut, California, Massachusetts, Minnesota and New York came in as the top five while Arkansas, Kentucky, Alabama, South Carolina and Mississippi filled slots 46 through 50.

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A collection of white, translucent, shell-like objects, including a large horn-like structure and several smaller, rounded pieces, arranged on a dark, textured surface.

Bits & Pieces

Wild threats may eventually lead to spilled blood, particularly in such a celebrity-conscious culture as ours. When an ordinarily laughable fellow like Billy Carter makes crazy statements on national TV it becomes important.

If we weren't so beleaguered by a medium with a mad-dog appetite for opinion, Billy might easily be ignored. But, some seven weeks before the March 6 shooting of Larry Flynt, he got on the soapbox of the airwaves during the course of TV's *Phil Donahue Show* and said some rather murderous things.

We quote from the transcript of that program:

BILLY: Let's go over my arguments about Larry Flynt.

PHIL: Yes, tell me about them.

BILLY: Well, they ask me, they say, Larry Flynt has been reborned and I said, "He might have been reborned but I don't know what the hell he's been reborned as."

PHIL: When you met him your feelings were negative... were they?

BILLY: I wouldn't even meet him, I just saw him.

PHIL: You don't care for him?

BILLY: He made some wild comments about Mother [Miss Lillian Carter]. I didn't like it. I got one man looking out for him. When he sees him the first thing he's going to do is knock the hell out of Larry Flynt.

PHIL: Billy, the problem with that is people believe all that. I mean...

BILLY: That's the truth, though.

PHIL: You got a man waiting to knock the hell out of Larry Flynt?

BILLY: Yes, that's correct.

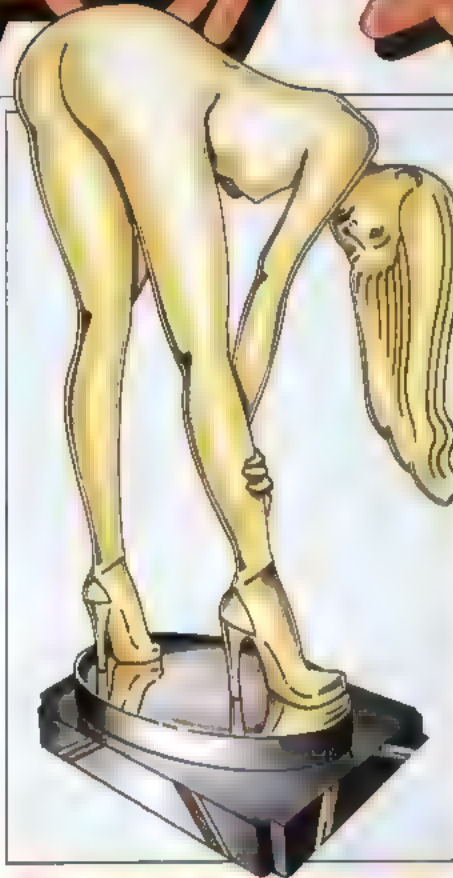
PHIL: Have you talked to Ruth [Carter Stapleton] about all of this?

BILLY: No, I have not.

PHIL: As you know, Ruth is certainly hopeful—as I understand and having chatted with Ruth and Mr. Flynt—this conversion is a sincere one. He's somewhat confused by it, and a little bit overwhelmed, but it's certainly Ruth's belief and fervent hope that this is not a phony-baloney thing.

BILLY: Well, I'll tell you the truth. If I was about to go to jail, I'd think I'd get converted too, to keep them going.

PHIL: So you think he has another motive for this. Have you shared your



**ASSHOLE
OF THE MONTH**

feelings about this with Ruth?

BILLY: She can convert whoever she wants to, but just keep him out of Plains.

PHIL: But she's going to be out convert-



Billy Carter

ing them and you're going to have goons out beating them up.

BILLY: Just one.

It is for flagrantly shooting his mouth off (while it was loaded) that we name Billy Carter as *Asshole of the Month*. The administrations of several recent presidents have been embarrassed by First Family blood, but this is the first time that violence has been the cause. A nascent fraternity of presidential brothers seems to form the ranks from which we draw our semiroyal, national buffoon. The boorish behavior of Sam Houston Johnson made trouble for Lyndon Johnson. F. Donald Nixon's shady business dealings not only parodied the image of the Ugly American, but presaged the downfall of his brother, Richard. The stupid and scandalous antics of these two White House extras pale, however, when compared with those of our August Asshole.

If Billy had made his comments in the atmosphere of his country filling station, while hoisting yet another can of brew to his lips, we'd pass it off. But he did his foam-at-the-mouth act on national TV, in front of an audience that doubtless included thousands of potential lunatics. What Billy might have only felt like doing, passed off as self-initiated action, suddenly could have become the criminal inspiration for countless assassins.

The irony is that if someone makes a violent threat against the President, he's thrown in jail. But let the President's brother do likewise against a citizen, and he's nearly immune from suspicion. Which is not to mention that he would have never had such a huge audience to inflame in the first place if he wasn't the President's brother.

The savage impact of his vulgar mouthings apparently never registered with Billy. After the Flynt shooting, he boasted to columnist Jack Anderson: "If I had shot him from 30 feet with a rifle, he wouldn't be paralyzed."

What kind of morality does this indicate? Billy's wild and evil boasting, in effect, gave license to some maniac to attempt another assassination.

Larry Flynt almost died. Billy Carter has at least the shadow of blood on his own hands.

—Robin Keats

UPDATE



CHOSEN FEW
HUSTLER: March
 The House International Relations Subcommittee on International Organizations recently released a series of CIA reports, written in 1963, substantiating allegations that Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church was actually established by the Korean Central Intelligence Agency. Specifically, according to the subcommittee, the onetime head of the Korean CIA, Kim Chong Pil, started the church in the early '60s as a "political tool."

Though Reverend Moon's organization has denied any connection with the Korean CIA, the newly released documents indicate the church has been setting up chapters around the world for intelligence and political reasons. The Unification Church was among several religious outfits discussed in *The Chosen Few*.



STATE OF THE INDIAN NATION

HUSTLER: January

Since we reported on the horrifying conditions endured by American Indians, 25 tribes have banded together and declared that they may no longer sell any of their oil, coal, gas or uranium unless the federal government helps the Indians negotiate "on an equal basis" with the larger, established energy companies.

The tribes currently control some 40 percent of all U.S. uranium reserves, 4 percent of all oil and natural gas, as well as a large portion of other natural resources.

The new coalition, the Council of Energy Resource Tribes (CERT), considers itself an American version of OPEC. CERT now maintains an office in Washington, D.C. So far, it has asked Energy Secretary James Schlesinger for assistance in surveying undeveloped resources and for about \$2 million to help conclude deals with big oil companies.

Should the government refuse to provide experts and money, CERT Chairman Peter MacDonald claims he will turn to OPEC for needed assistance.



There's no question that the Italians are a no-nonsense breed. In the face of rampant terrorism, government crises and economic catastrophes, they have maintained their strict sense of priority—sex is still the most important issue.

Specifically, a new wave of television lust has our humpy allies glued to their tubes in record numbers. The Italian television setup differs greatly from the U.S. version. Rather than major networks, Italians view programs broadcast from low-powered local stations, each of which reaches only a

small area and airs mainly local programming. Italy boasts 250 of these privately owned stations, which have so far avoided coming under government control. Since the government of Italy is changed as often as tampons, that system may not remain in effect. In the meantime, nearly 100 of these private stations offer not only blue movies, but also a series of TV strip shows that have been stiffening salamis from Milan to Rome. The most popular program, *Spogliamoci Insieme* ("Let's Strip Together"), features willing amateurs who

feel like getting on the air and doffing their bras and panties for their hot-blooded (and wide-eyed) countrymen.

The opportunity to get naked is open to any lady who has the guts—and tits—to get on and take it off. Italian huddies are apparently dying to show off their little ladies' good points, and the audience is panting at the chance to check them out. In one area around Milan, where the majority of folks don't even have the sets to pick up private stations, sales on special antennas have shot up 70 percent.



Log Sandwich

Of all the new foods to come out since Americans realized the need for fiber, the best known is Fresh Horizons. Horizons' claim to fame is that it has 400 percent more fiber than even whole wheat bread. While this makes it popular with a plugged-up public, it does not tell the whole story.

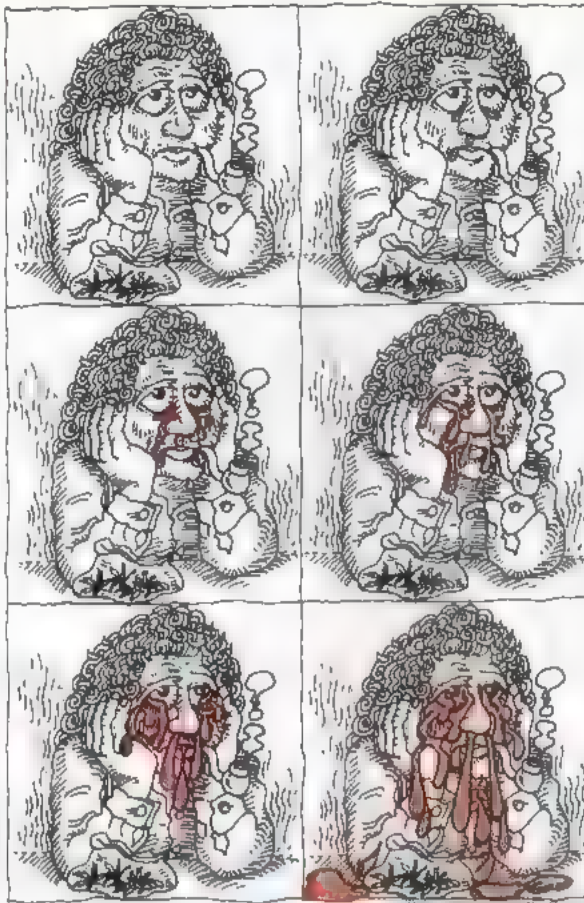
Beyond the fact that Fresh Horizons tastes like back copies of the *National Enquirer*, the Federal Trade Commission has found that it consists of "more than 52 percent water and wood pulp"—which isn't real healthy. As the FTC explained, the bread is only low in calories because it has so much water. And, worse yet, all that powdered pulp, while replacing natural fats and carbohydrates, has zero nutritional value. This makes it the highest priced sawdust on the market.

KILLER WEED



Does the U.S. government have the right to poison pot smokers? The feds, who introduced the tactic of defoliation in Vietnam, are now back in action trying to chemically destroy Mexico's thriving poppy crops. Though the spraying program is supposed to stop the flow of heroin to the States, Washington has now acknowledged that marijuana fields are also under attack. The same administration that has favored decriminalization of grass must now think it's OK to impose death for toking up.

What this means, if you're a regular pot smoker, is that the odds are about one-in-five you're already doing irreversible damage to your lungs, liver or kidneys. Paraquat, the herbicide used in the operation, stays in the body even longer than DDT and is so lethal you need a special permit to purchase it in this country. According to the Environmental Protection Agency, the maximum paraquat contamination permissible in foods is 0.05 parts per million. But confiscated marijuana samples show levels on the average of 177 parts per million, with



some pot yielding a reading as high as 2,200 parts per million.

(Despite claims by one Barry Rumack, director of the Rocky Mountain Poison Control Center, that paraquat breaks down into a nontoxic substance when burned, both the National Institute of Drug Abuse [NIDA] and the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws [NORML] stand by their contention that paraquat-treated dope is extremely lethal.)

Since White House drug officials have stated they have no intention of stopping the spraying in Mexico, grass fans should know the risks. To find out if your stash is poisoned, NORML recommends sending a sample to Pharm Chem (1844 Bay Road, Palo Alto, California 94303; Telephone: 415-322-9941), which will check out your boo and tell you whether to smoke it or flush it.

To have your marijuana analyzed, enclose \$5 in cash to cover the testing costs, and make up a five-digit number, with a one-letter ending, to accompany your sample. To protect yourself, do *not* put a return address on the envelope. After three weeks, call Pharm Chem, give them your code number, then find out if it's time for a party or a wake.



COLD COCK

It's a funny thing about art. If the knight in this picture had a cock of flesh instead of stone, the young lady's ardor would be considered unpublishable. But since her kiss can pass for art appreciation, it's OK.

Love Taps

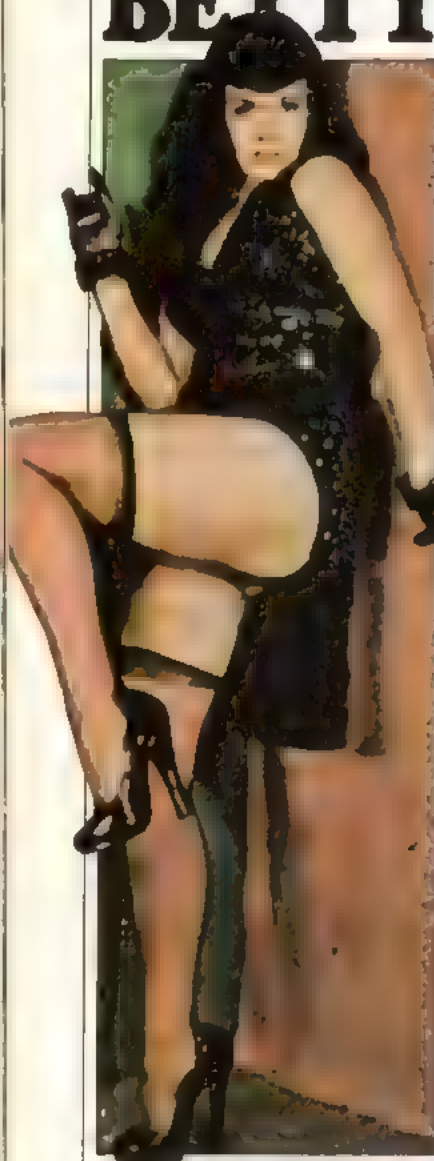


You might think the poor guy in this picture is some sort of freak, but the sad fact is nearly one-fifth of all American husbands get beaten regularly by their mates. These statistics, from Roger Langley and Richard C. Levy's *Wife Beating: The Silent Crisis* (\$9.95; E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.), hint at the ever-growing populace of pussy-whipped males. In fact, with 12 million men getting pummeled, and more than twice as many ladies facing the fist as well, it seems as if marriage in this country is becoming a knockdown, drag-out affair.

Unfortunately, many battered spouses are too afraid to suggest counseling, and there are too few homes for battered wives, and almost none for battered husbands. We can suggest this to bruised mates: Throw a good fuck, and your partner will be liable to forget about throwing that left hook.



BETTY'S BACK PAGES



Way back in the '50s, when pink was just a gleam in some young porn-huckster's eye, Betty Page was the most successful and well-known model on the erotic scene. A Tennessee farm girl who made her way to the Big Apple in the postwar years, she made her first appearance in cheesecake mags like *Wink*, *Flirt* and *Titter*. At one time or another she could be seen in just about every men's magazine, but she was best known for her work with B&D specialist Irving Klaw. From '53 on the wide-eyed beauty became a legend convincingly portraying slave and mistress.

As the classic sex-fantasy heroine, Betty Page virtually patented the seductive look of garter belt, lingerie, black stockings and high, fuck-me heels. But there was something in her image as innocent as it was simmering—the hint of vulnerability beneath her black leather.

Despite her appeal as lady-in-distress—gagged, bound and spanked in the photo-melodramas of S&M—Miss Page vanished mysteriously. As suddenly as she'd ascended her throne, the Queen of Bondage vacated it. Her name appeared again only recently, when *Esquire* ran an excerpt from Gay Talese's forthcoming book,

Sex in America. The rumor that Betty has actually been born again has also surfaced from time to time, but no one has been able to track her down to verify this.

Now, after all these years, an erotica collector who calls himself Richard Merkin has assembled *Private Peeks* (\$6.50 from Belier Press, Inc., P.O. Box C, Gracie Station, New York, New York 10028). *Peeks* includes the best of the model's commercial as well as "private" sessions. Fans and newcomers alike should be delighted with the photos of Betty (almost 100 of them), presented in a slick and attractive glossy format.



In the introduction to this collection, editor Merkin tries to analyze the love-goddess's strange appeal, but words can never really do it. The only way to enjoy Betty Page is to see her—and then leave the rest to your imagination.



Tubes Review

Pretending to address a lumberjacks' convention, Jonny Bucker solos on chain saw, warming up for his rival, Quay Lewd, the eight-foot English rocker who throws up and hangs out of his sequined hot pants during "White Punks on Dope." Next, Tony Roletti, as game-show MC, selects a big winner, and a horny, hot-lipped high-school teacher detains the class jock for a private bondage seminar. Then there's the Japanese space ballet, the crime wave, the trapeze artist or the Wait a minute What is all this?

Well, this is the Tubes, the outrageous rock ensemble that



delivers a hard blow to the senses and a low blow to everything else. Their fourth album, *What Do You Want From Live* (A&M Records, 1336 North La Brea Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90028), contains the group's most representative selections (i.e., "What Do You Want From Life" and "Mondo Bondage") as well as five new offerings (including "Got Yourself a Deal" and "Show Me a Reason").

The Tubes' music features the shimmering textures of dual guitars, synthesizer and keyboards all laid over a bubbling rhythm section. The band's cohesiveness is exemplary, especially in a live context, as the musicians move from basic to progressive rock, orchestrating the characters and vivid sequences

Unfortunately, the two-record set falls short in the way of visuals, the backbone of the Tubes' act. The elaborate sight of a Tubes spectacle, mixed with the subtleties and roles interacting throughout the group, makes the songs credible.

Naturally, a record can't make much of a visual effect, but the packaging can. As it is, a colorful spread of live-action liner photos with recent review clippings offers adequate but limp support.

Still, *What Do You Want From Live* offers a fine recorded presentation of the Tubes' grandeur. But with a little more money and effort, A&M could have done justice to a group that might have to make a full-length feature film to get its point across to a mass audience.

—Kevin Merrill

Why Johnny Can't Read

If high school in the '50s was "Happy Days" for American teens, their experience in the '70s is more like *Night of the Living Dead*. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare claims that 36 percent of all assaults on urban teenagers take place in school and that 40 percent of all robberies occur while Junior is walking down the halls.



These statistics—from a three-year study of some 4,000 schools—paint a scene as grim as any Harlem street corner. Even in rural areas, according to HEW, 8 percent of the youth population can score heroin right in school if they want to. And in the big cities the figure swells to 14 percent.

If anything positive emerged from HEW's fact-gathering, it was the wholesome equality implied in this conclusion: "There is no relation between a school's racial-ethnic composition and the risks of violence there." Sooner or later, everybody's bound to come home with a bloody report card.

Courtroom Cunts

Some folks will go to any lengths to play a practical joke. For example, take the mother of Linda Kay Spitler of DeKalb County, Indiana. While her daughter was still in her teens, Mrs. Spitler didn't like the fact that Linda stayed out late and dated older men. Mom was so mad she decided to play a trick on the girl. Contacting Judge Harold Stump, the local arbiter in such affairs, she pumped him full of stories about her wayward offspring. Then, saying Linda was "slightly retarded," she got the good judge to authorize a tubal ligation, which left the problem child permanently sterile.

The joke, of course, is that Linda Kay

didn't have any idea of what was being done to her. Mrs. Spitler told the girl she had had an appendectomy. Not until two years later, after she'd married and become Mrs. Linda Kay Sparkman, did she discover the horrible truth. She'd consulted a physician because she was unable to get pregnant, and the disbelieving doctor finally filled her in.

The point of all this is that Linda, the former bad girl, has been trying to sue the creepo judge who OKed her sterilization. A federal court, which chastised Judge Stump for his "illegitimate exercise of power," ruled in Mrs. Sparkman's favor, but the Supreme Court reversed that decision.

In a bitter 5-3 split, the old men sided with scalpel-happy Judge Stump. Speaking for the majority, Justice Byron White explained: "A judge is absolutely immune from liability for his judicial acts." What that means is, these clowns can OK anything and not have to answer for it. If some judge wakes up grumpy and decides to have your nuts plucked like little peaches, there's not a fucking thing you can do about it later on. It was an unfortunate decision for Linda, but it should make life easy for hacks who sit on the bench and play God.



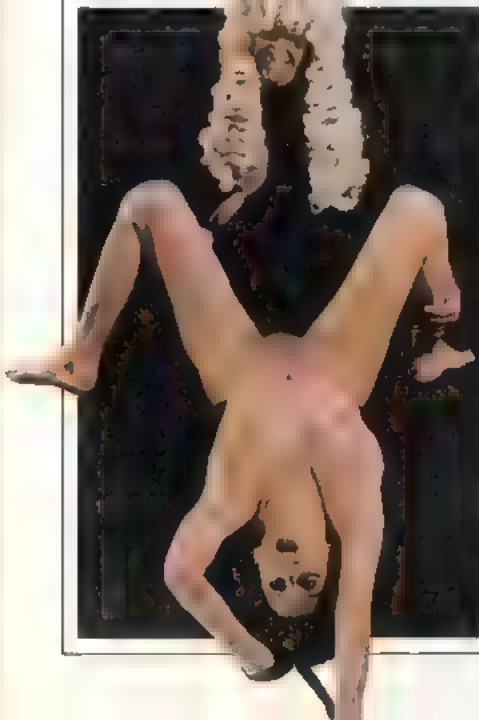
'O' Wow!

Way back when *Classics Illustrated* comics were the rage it was always a treat seeing those blockbusters like *The Count of Monte Cristo* made nice and simple—with plenty of neat pictures to hold your interest. And now, for adults who still like panels with their words, Grove Press has published an erotic counterpart to *Classics Illustrated*—an illustrated *Story of O*.

The illustrated *O* tells the same arousing tale of sadomasochistic depravity as the novel, in an attractive panel-by-panel format designed by Italian

artist Guido Crepax. The award-winning cartoonist has managed to capture the sensual feel of the narrative in his explicit black-and-white depictions; the book has a very slick and sexy feel.

Story of O was originally published in France and Italy in 1976, when it was going for up to \$700 in several luxurious illustrated editions. Later, a more modest hardbound edition came out in France, priced at \$15; then Grove Press picked up the least expensive of all for this country, a quality soft-cover edition of 154 pages. Every picture tells a story, and these will keep you turning the pages with one hand.



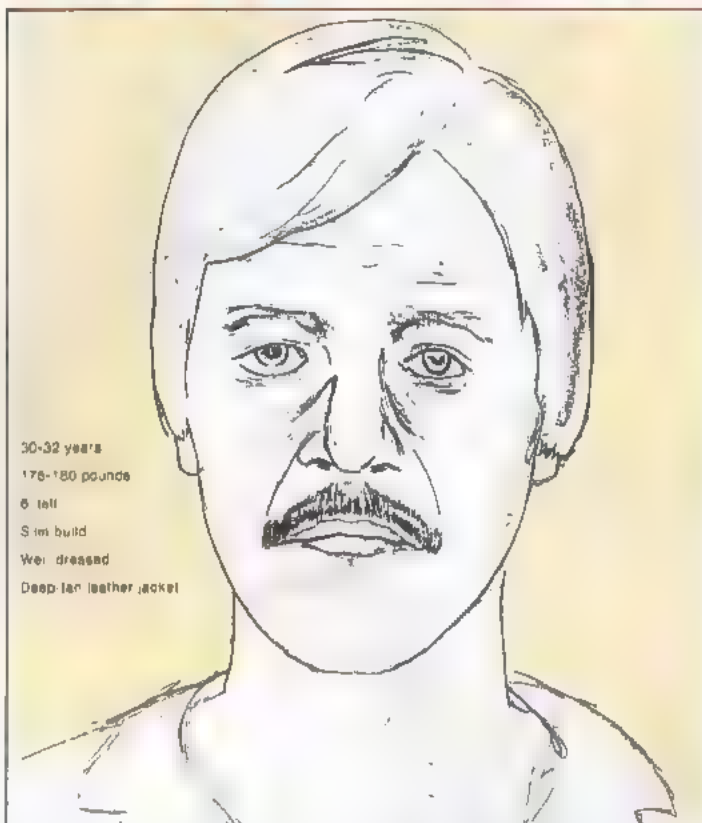
Assassination, as someone once said, is as American as apple pie, and the attempt on Larry Flynt's life in Lawrenceville, Georgia, on March 6 confirms the truth modern Americans have had to live with since JFK's death in 1963.

It's difficult to accept that Larry's guts were ripped apart by .44-caliber bullets because he believed sex shouldn't be a hidden topic. In next month's issue, investigative journalist Ron Ridenour explores the shooting of Flynt and attorney Gene Reeves, and comments on a society in which violent death is the constant shadow hanging over anyone who, like Larry, decides to cross the system.

"What HUSTLER is doing," Ridenour explains, "is antagonizing the people who run this country. Flynt is using his power and influence to attack the system, and this has to lead to a setup."

Exclusive in the Ridenour report is a face-to-face interview with the key informant in the case, a man who claims to have seen three men pull up to the empty hotel on Perry Street—from which local police believe the gunman fired—some

NEXT MONTH: WHO SHOT LARRY FLYNT?



twenty minutes before the shots rang out. According to this informant, a slender, expensively dressed fellow happened to swing his arm

while stepping from the car, and in that second a large-handled pistol was plainly visible beneath his leather jacket. It appears likely that

this is the man who shot Larry Flynt.

The sketch shown here, drawn from a description provided by the informant, is all that concerned citizens and police have to go on at this point. Next month's article will also include exclusive, never-before-published photos related to the shooting.

Jim Mitchell of the Mitchell Brothers Film Group, along with some members of the Adult Film Association of America, has put up a reward for information leading to the arrest of Flynt's assailant, and anyone interested should contact Mitchell at his San Francisco office (415-441-1930).

In the meantime, Flynt's case goes unsolved. Like the John Kennedy, Robert Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Jr., Malcolm X and George Wallace tragedies, the attack on Larry Flynt remains an open question. Starting with October's HUSTLER we will take a new look at these assaults. As Ron Ridenour points out, in a culture that believes it must seek solutions through violence, such attacks are inevitable. This explains why Larry was shot, but says nothing about who pulled the trigger.



PRESS REPORT

HUSTLER has always kept its eye on America's media. In *Press Report*, we hope to continue this watchdog policy, covering developments—both good and bad—in this ever-changing field. We only know what we are told, after all, and it's up to all of us to make sure we're told the truth.

POOR LARRY'S ALMANAC

How's this for positive thinking? In the brand-new 1978 edition of the *World Almanac* the following is listed in the general index under Crime—Murders—Editor Killed ("HUSTLER").

Since the index was actually compiled last year, whoever penned this item was either clairvoyant or confused. According to Juliana Mace, assistant editor of the *Almanac*, "Somebody just goofed in the last-minute indexing rush."

In any event, now that Larry Flynt lies partially paralyzed after almost being shot to death, we're still looking for an explanation for the certe index entry. Nothing is conclusive, but if Billy Carter could read or write, we'd know who to blame.

CASING CARTER

For all those who were taken by Jimmy Carter back when the Georgia nut-man was wooing the hearts of millions on the campaign trail, but who've since lost faith in the President, we've found the perfect publication. *The Carter Watch* (50¢

single copy, \$4.80 for a year's subscription from Watch Publications, P.O. Box 658, Conyers, Georgia 30207) is a monthly newsletter devoted exclusively to holding our nation's leader to his own past promises and statements. In a no-nonsense, four-page format the *Watch* has been comparing Carter's performance with the claims he made when he first took office two years ago.

As an example of Jimmy's unwavering devotion to principle, consider this choice quotation, circa November 1975. "I would not be in favor of relinquishing actual control over the Panama Canal or its use to any other nation, including Panama. I think we've got to retain that actual, practical control." In view of Carter's struggle to enact the exact opposite of what he was supporting here, the man's hypocritical side becomes more apparent. And that's just one example. Each month the Georgia publication reveals another batch of blunders in its in-depth analysis.

On a lighter note, *The Carter Watch* is also rife with Carter trivia, such as the President's fine showing in a recent poll taken at Madame Tussaud's Waxworks Museum. The museum, one of London's top tourist traps, asked its visitors to name the most hated and most feared individual on display. The winner was Adolf Hitler; Idi Amin was second; and in fourth place came our own Jimmy Carter—tied with Count Dracula. No doubt, people were impressed with his teeth.

Heil, Teddy

At one time Ted Kennedy came off like a knight in shining armor, advancing his "politics of compassion" in the name of society's down-and-out. Now, though, the White Knight looks more like Attila the Hun. With the backward, repressive Criminal Code Reform Act he helped push through the Senate, he's virtually pissed on the Constitution. His action can be considered one of the most extreme political reversals of the century.

Typically, the Senate itself is not even aware of what passage of this bill really means. As Senator James Allen (Democrat-Alabama) explained it, "There aren't five senators who have any idea what's going on. . . . There are literally thousands of offenses here, and I don't know if they are sound or not."

It would take volumes to run down every Constitutional right Teddy is sending down the tubes, so HUSTLER has picked just a few that strike close to home:

Obscenity: The Criminal Code Reform Act would create this nation's first federal obscenity law. Not only would this legislation be based on varying "community standards," but it would still allow local cities and towns with stricter laws than the federal one to prosecute publishers and distributors. In effect, the federal statute would serve as a guideline in obscenity cases for both local lawmakers and prosecutors.

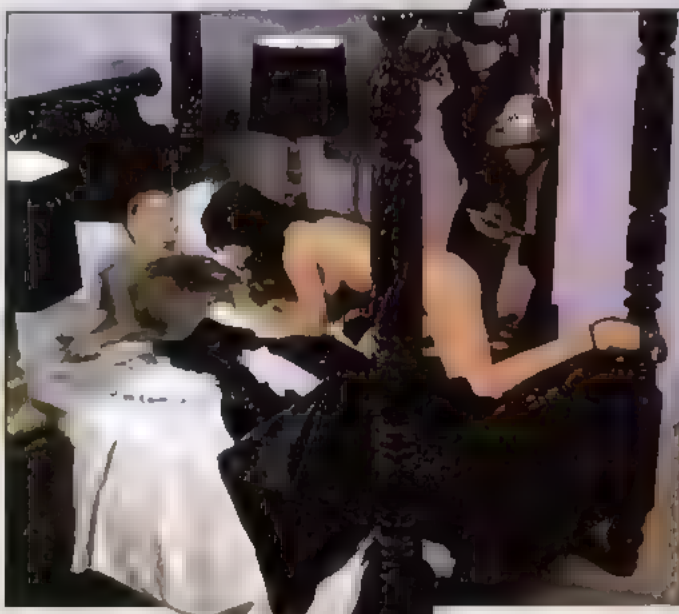
Freedom of the Press: Under Kennedy's law the backbone of professional journalism in America—a reporter's right to keep his sources confidential—would fall by the wayside. Refusing to reveal a source would leave a journalist open to prosecution, which means we could kiss off the notion of a free press in this country.

Abortion: While not prohibiting the practice of abortion itself, the Criminal Code Reform Act would make it a crim-

nal offense to offer information in the form of "printed card, letter, circular, book, pamphlet, advertisement or notice of any kind" giving instructions on how to obtain an abortion. This section applies to sealed and unsealed info, making it extremely difficult for a woman to even find out what her options are.

Why should Ted Kennedy suddenly get behind such legislation, repudiating everything the Kennedy name has ever stood for? We can only speculate. Perhaps, knowing the American public will never elect him president, the Massachusetts senator has decided to make them pay. If that's the case, he's certainly doing an admirable job.

If Kennedy's Criminal Code Reform Act (sn't shot down in the House where it has yet to be voted on), we could all be in for a taste of 1984—six years ahead of schedule.



HUSTLER pays \$100 for interesting visual items and stories for Bits & Pieces. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return original art on request. A stamped, self-addressed envelope should accompany all returnable material. For August, \$100 and thanks to Irene Dogmatic and D. P. Lawrence.

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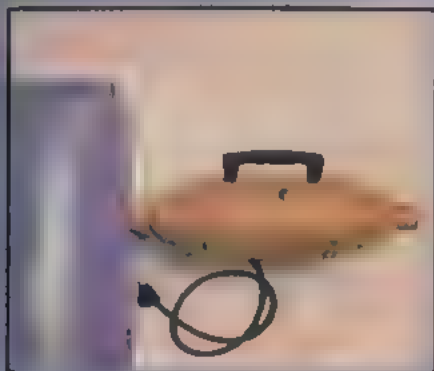
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ADVISE & CONSENT

Edited by Vicki Scott

Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions, including sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. *Advise & Consent* is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question on any topic, address your correspondence to *HUSTLER Magazine*, *Advise & Consent* Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

Finger in the Dyke: Why do women become lesbians? I'm an 18-year-old sailor, and I'd love to get in between two of them and let them see how much more enjoyment they can get out of a man. Is there some place that could tell me how to get involved with lesbians? I'm sure that if enough men tried, we could wipe out lesbianism with a lot of good loving

M. C.
Gulfport, Mississippi

The American Psychiatric Association no longer classifies homosexuality as a mental disorder. The association contends that it is a problem only if the homosexual personally feels disturbed over his or her sexual orientation.

You may be surprised, but a lack of available male partners is not considered to be a major factor in lesbianism. Your attitude that a good fuck will straighten out a lesbian is foolish and ultimately self-defeating. Although most homosexuals have straight sexual encounters and often find them enjoyable, a true lesbian will always gravitate to the style of life she finds more comfortable. So, rather than trying to straighten out lesbians, you should be adjusting your own ego and attitude. To broaden your understanding of the homosexual life-style, write the National Gay Task Force, 80 Fifth Avenue, Room 506, New York, New York 10011.

Blushing Breasts: I'm a 24-year-old male and have been married to my 28-year-old wife for five years. I'm crazy about women with firm, dark nipples, but my wife's are nondescript. Is there anything we can do or buy to enhance them?

S. S.
Eugene, Oregon

Products advertised as nipple creams, while being soothing and edible, do not actually harden the nipples. The only way for your wife to appear to have firm, erect nipples (outside of constant stimulation) is to purchase rubber replicas that attach over her real nipples. For the appearance of dark nipples, The Pleasure Chest in Los Angeles suggests you visit a department store that stocks cosmetics for dark-skinned women. You can find a shade of rouge that could give your wife the look you desire.

Turn-on: Sex magazines and books are always saying there are no such things as aphrodisiacs. But recently I heard there are

chemicals available to the scientific community that do indeed have aphrodisiacal effects. Can you tell me about them?

W. B.
Bismarck, North Dakota

Two supposed sex stimulators have been discovered. The stimulating effect of L-Dopa, used to combat Parkinson's disease, was first found by the National Institute of Health. L-Dopa increases the output of dopamine, an important nerve transmitter in the brain. Some scientists believe dopamine stimulates the sex drive. PCPA (Para-Chlorophenylalanine) is the second such agent that has been isolated. Scientists theorize that a brain hormone, serotonin, can block the sex drive. But PCPA seems to prevent the production of serotonin.

One note of caution, though. When a rabbit and a cat were both injected with PCPA and then placed in the same cage, they attempted to crossbreed. So if you ever get the chance to volunteer for an aphrodisiac-testing experiment, check to see who your partner will be.

Wise Up: A short time ago I met a great-looking woman with a fine personality. It turns out she's an epileptic. I don't want to get too involved with her if it's going to be a lot of hassle or if she's going to embarrass me by having a seizure in public. Besides, I

wouldn't know what to do for her if she should have a seizure, and I'm afraid that she might hurt herself or that I might do more harm than good.

D. P.
New York, New York

First, work on changing your negative attitude toward epileptics. Their biggest problem has always been dealing with a public that is misinformed and prejudiced. Epilepsy is most often caused by unavoidable injuries at birth; it is not caused by demonic possession, nor is it contagious.

If you witness an epileptic seizure, follow these recommendations: Do not interfere with the victim's movements, but remove any objects that might be struck by the head or body. Do not force anything between the teeth. The notion that epileptics are in danger of swallowing their tongue is a fallacy. They may bite their tongue or the inside of their cheeks, so the person aiding an epileptic should keep his own fingers away from the victim's mouth. Turn the face to the side so that breathing is not obstructed, and place something soft beneath the head. The situation can be dangerous if the epileptic has another seizure within a short period of time, so call for medical assistance immediately.

Valproate, an anticonvulsive drug that has been available in Europe, has now been approved for use in the United States and will be marketed



AUGUST HUSTLER

ADVISE & CONSENT

dence. A woman can help a man delay his ejaculation by squeezing his penis just below the tip when he feels an impending orgasm, and repeating this process several times. Doing this can help a man delay his ejaculation so that he can almost determine at will when he will come. Often men can also delay ejaculation by using one of the female superior (woman on top) positions during sex.

But what's all this business about a "fake act"? If your woman is ready and willing, but you've been too quick on the draw, don't just twiddle your thumbs while you wait for your second wind. You can bring her to orgasm in several ways (manual manipulation, cunnilingus) until your passions rise again. Certainly, with a little bit of inventiveness brought to bear, there's no need for either you or your partner to be disappointed.

Tress Turn-on: I'm a victim of a particularly rare form of fetishism: I'm only turned on by women with very long hair. As you can imagine, this desire is often hard to fulfill, as more and more women are cutting their hair short. Are you aware of any studies on the attraction to long hair?

M. B.
Chicago, Illinois

Although we are not aware of any studies dealing specifically with this fetish, it is far from being a rare turn-on. Previously, long hair came to be associated with femininity. Now that this stereotype has been upset, the woman with waist-length hair is considered by many to be a very sensual person.

Long hair also enhances sex play. Because of its texture, hair can be used as one more resource for stimulating the male partner. Another reason many men find long hair appealing is that the woman looks wild and animalistic. If you have trouble locating a woman with an appropriate mane, try keeping a fall or wig on hand for those special moments.

Bottoms Up: It may sound funny, but I'm serious—I get immensely turned on when a girl sticks her finger in my bunghole. My current girlfriend is great in all respects, but she thinks that putting her finger in my anus is repulsive. I think it's all in her mind, but she says "normal" people don't do such things. What might I tell my girl to get her to think my way?

H. B.
Santa Clara, California

The anus, rich in nerve endings, is a great erogenous zone. And anal stimulation is not limited to homosexuals. Even the 30-year-old Kinsey report recognized the fact that "there are some individuals for whom anal stimulation is definitely erotic" and that it occurs among heterosexuals. If you don't have dysentery or diarrhea and you've taken a bath or shower, your girlfriend has nothing to worry about.

One sure way to get her interested is to do the same for her. Since you know how good it feels, let her know too. A bit of saliva on the finger as a

lubricant and a gentle touch will no doubt be your best means of persuasion.

Clitoral Connection: I'm a recently divorced 23-year-old female with a very boring sexual past. My ex-husband insisted on having sex in the missionary position only. Now I've met a very exciting man who loves to go down on me. The problem is, I can't take this oral treatment very long, and soon I beg him to fuck me. Is it normal to be that sensitive, or do I have a problem?

O. B.
Dallas, Texas

There is a marked variation in quantity and quality of nerve endings within the individual clitoral glands and shaft. Your clit may be sensitive because of a high concentration of nerve endings. Heavy-handed manipulation of the clitoris, or irritative rather than stimulative foreplay, will also cause pain. Have your lover vary his technique so the clit is not the only focal point. He should move his lips around the vulva, flicking his tongue, taunting, even pulling back occasionally. Be sure he is parting your pubic hair, which can be wiry and cause discomfort. Your partner should be careful to avoid the urethral opening, since it is easily irritated and, besides, is not an erogenous zone.

Suggest to your lover that he vary the pressure. As female sexual tension rises, sensations of irritation or even pain may result. When such a high level of tension is reached so quickly, a woman experiences too much sensation too soon,

which may be difficult for her to accept. Have him move away from the area altogether for a few minutes at a time, moving down the inner thighs, biting or nibbling. (This will also give your lover a chance to come up for a breath of air.)

If he has his technique down, and there is still pain, the clitoral area should be carefully inspected. Smegma (whitish secretions) beneath the clitoral hood can cause chronic irritation and burning. Regular bathing usually keeps this problem at bay.

Tax Backlash: Let me first say I'm no saint, but I have never knowingly cheated anyone, including the government. So why is it auditing my tax returns? I just received a notice to that effect, and I'm pretty upset. I'm positive my boss cheats on his returns, yet he gets away with it scot-free. Can you give me any hints on what to do?

T. R.
Somerset, Pennsylvania

Don't panic. The Internal Revenue Service audits about one of every 40 returns, so yours is just one of many randomly selected. Review the materials you used in filling out your tax form and take them with you to your appointment. The IRS will tell you what to bring. Don't be pressured into signing the final agreement. If you disagree with it, you can go to an IRS appeals office—and even to court. If your case gets that far and involves less than \$1,500, it can be tried in an informal section of a tax court. When a ruling is made, you may even get a refund.



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MOVIES

by Al Goldstein

"... We're living at a mile-a-second gait in the swiftest epoch of the world's progress—in the age of incredibilities come true. We fly through the air—chat with our friends in Paris by squirting a little spark from a pole on one shore of the Atlantic to another pole on the other side, and so we take as a matter of course that which our great-grandfathers would have declared a miracle

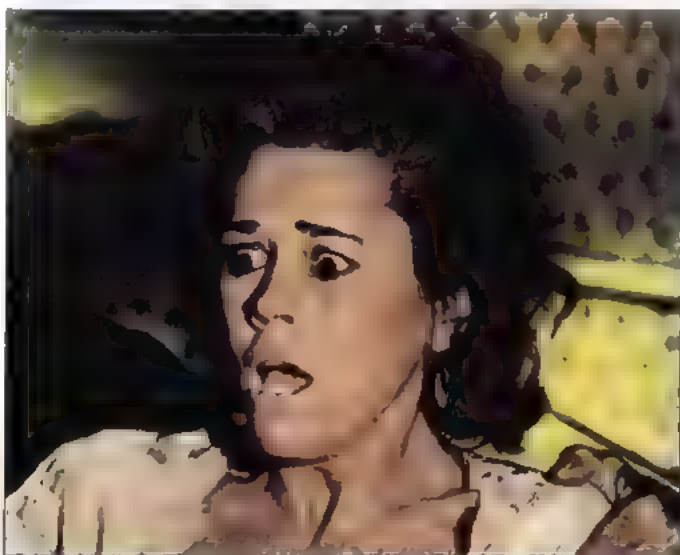
"The moving picture is not a makeshift, but the highest type of entertainment in the history of the world. It stands for a better Americanism because it is attracting millions of the masses to an uplifting institution, drawing them to an improving as well as an amusing feature of city life. Its value cannot be measured now, but another generation will benefit more largely through its influence than we of today can possibly realize."

These enthusiastic paragraphs by Frederick Starr were first published in 1909 in *The Moving Picture World*, a publication devoted to the early days of film. Sixty-nine years later, film is still the dynamic, totally enthralling subject of a writer's attention that it was soon after the turn of the century. Starr, high on man's most recent technical accomplishments, was equally awed by the potential not yet realized. Today, in our world of videotape, zoom lenses, solarization and a host of wonders that have overcome the limitations of the past, we would no doubt have trouble comprehending what lies 69 years ahead. But one thing is for certain: Movies remain toys for adults and enchantments for children.

Unfortunately, though, too many current moviemakers think their adult audiences are childish. This is particularly true of films aiming for mass appeal. Often, such productions are so simple that they fail because their creators assume the public is as cretinous as



The perils of playing boogie when asked for a cha-cha: Harvey Keitel and fan in 'Fingers.' Below, Jane Fonda has a nicotine fit in 'Julia.'



In this section we not only review films, books and the media in America today, but also comment on the state of the art with the goal of spurring the media on to better productions. As always, we'll present films, books and media items that will most interest, entertain and educate our readers

they are. A case in point is **Fingers**, starring Harvey Keitel, one of my favorite actors. The story concerns an insensitive slob who thinks that within his frame beats the pulse of a pianist. But the only thing beating within this heartless punk is the drum of a bully. He's a creep who goes to public places and imposes his loud music on his unresponsive and unappreciative neighbors.

Keitel's performance is as one-dimensional as the character he portrays, a bagman for his loan shark father. Even in a scene in which Keitel visits his institutionalized mother, one feels neither empathy nor com-

passion. In brief, *Fingers* fails to communicate with the viewer on any level. Excessive violence, tedious sex (which can only remind us of our clumsy youth) and characters without depth or nuance all combine to make it appear that the filmmakers have given the viewing public the symbolic raised middle digit.

Another example of gross underestimation of the American public's intelligence is provided by the spontaneous farting-out of **American Hot Wax**. Billed as the definitive story of rock 'n' roll, the film is merely the story of an actor who overacts and over-smokes.

Smoke-filled rooms are one thing, but Tim McIntire's depiction of disc jockey Alan Freed puffing on his coffin nail makes Freed's slow suicide an event the public should not be forced to watch.

In fact, "slow suicide" aptly describes the whole film. It is claustrophobic, motionless and superficial. After viewing the film, one knows as little about Alan Freed as one did before. I'm an old rock 'n' roll lover. While attending Boys High in Brooklyn back in 1954, I was a true devotee of Freed, and I even remember when his stage name was Moondog and he had to change it after being sued by the real Moondog. So, as a genuine rock 'n' roll partisan, I found that *American Hot Wax* did everything to rape my memories of the vitality of the music's formative years. Miss it!

Last on the major-studio-release front are my comments about a film that won three Academy Awards this spring. Suffice it to say that not only is the American public infested with nitwits, but so too is the movie industry. That may be why nitwitism begets nitwitism.

A prime example is *Julia*, which proves that emotional catharsis is often replaced not only by "instant religions" such as est and transcendental meditation, but also by the supermarket syndrome of letting us buy a "quick fix" to make us think we're living. Through clichés and superficialities, the film tries to touch on the experiences of Jews during World War II. What it really touches on is how we Americans have become so conditioned to additives and to the artificial that we can no longer tell the difference between real pussy and latex pussy—or distinguish real emotion from the ersatz. *Julia* is so implausible and ridiculous that it should be screened side by side with Saturday-morning horror films. In addition, the filmmakers were able to do something I thought was impossible: make Jane Fonda look schlumpy. Fonda smokes so many cigarettes that I was surprised she made it to the closing credits.

EROTIC FILMS

Man does not live by bread alone; sometimes he has to turn to boobs, babes and the bawdy. As I don't want to frighten the *HUSTLER* reader into thinking we are merely stroking his cerebrum and cerebellum and won't stroke his sex drive, this section of my monthly reviews will, I hope, direct you to the best in erotic films.

The Joy of Fooling Around

Filmed on location along the beautiful Greek coast, *The Joy of Fooling Around* features picture-postcard scenery and some top-grade bodies. However, these pluses are unfortunately outweighed by a host of minuses. One of the film's major defects is its technical quality. The dubbed in English voice track, for instance, is so out of sync with the actors' lip movements that the result is extremely disconcerting. Equally annoying are the cameraman's fast zooms, which made me sick to my stomach.

But perhaps the film's worst technical flaw, and one that no doubt was unavoidable, is the use of hard-core inserts. Such shots require the camera to cut so close to the pussy-licking and fucking that the viewer may be unaware that the bodies are not those seen in the soft-core portions. These inserts prevented the cameraman from utilizing the kind of fluid technique that can sometimes save explicit sex scenes from their usual fate: boredom. Obviously, the importers of *Fooling Around* recognized the need to jazz up their soft-core product to satisfy our meat-eating American appetites, but every time the action progressed to hard-core, I found myself bleary-eyed.

Cinematography aside, the plot is more complex (though gloriously less significant) than Einstein's theory of relativity. As the film opens, the camera slowly sweeps across an idyllic beach while a lone swimmer heads toward shore. He is the stranger (Kevin Raymond), suf-



'Joy': First position for being fucked by a stranger on a Greek island.

fering from temporary amnesia. He meets a beautiful woman, Marina (Monique Du Prez), described in the film's press release as the "woman-child of the island." Of course, they summarily fuck.

Marina, we later find out, supports herself as a chambermaid at a local hotel. Her boss is Flora (Erica Swanson), a buck-toothed bimbo who looks a little bit like Alfred E. Neuman. Soon a fuck triangle

develops to complicate matters and keep this melodramatic soup on the boil. The two girls believe the stranger is really a smuggler of priceless art objects who had earlier killed someone and who then escaped by swimming away.

As the plot develops further, the stranger, after realizing Marina's romantic intentions, dumps Flora. Flora then betrays him to the police, who chase and capture him. But the

cops soon discover he's not their man after all; the smuggler is a wealthy businessman. We learn that the stranger had found his wife screwing around with his best friend and had tried to drown his anger in a frantic speedboat race. The craft subsequently exploded, and the stranger wound up with amnesia.

What ultimately happens to Flora and Marina is of little consequence. Suffice it to say that if you enjoyed *Payton Place*, you'll probably find *The Joy of Fooling Around* pleasurable. As for myself, I'd rather see a fuck film that's a fuck film pure and simple and not a bastardized sexual melodrama that tries to be all things to all men.

All About Gloria Leonard

The boys who brought you last year's biggest money-maker in the porn business, *Inside Jennifer Welles*, have bounced back with this, their latest film. But who the hell is Gloria Leonard? She describes herself as "a nice Jewish girl from the Bronx who is 38" and who also is the publisher of one of the sleazier monthly slicks—*High Society*. Gloria has an elegant, seething quality; in this, her most recent film, she becomes a one-woman sexual encyclopedia, encompassing every sexual activity imaginable (and a couple that have probably never been thought of before).

Gloria's background includes studying ballet for 11 years at the Metropolitan Opera before entering the world of porn films in 1975. She is a bright, witty, intelligent woman who just happens to be a sexual dynamo. In *All About Gloria Leonard*, ostensibly a biography, we see her cleaning out her editorial office before going on to something bigger and better. Anyway, as she packs, she comes across various mementos and artifacts that remind her of past adventures.

One deals with a guy named Horse (Peter Andrews), who works for a publishing house. When this lad unzips, you real-

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE



ERECTION

A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.



HALF ERECT

So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.



TOTALLY LIMP

A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.



Gloria's recipe for peace: white and yellow meet on a black summit.

ize he's not called Horse because he's a jockey. Whether Andrews or John (Johnny Wadd) Holmes is larger is a moot point better left to the *Guinness Book of World Records*. But your old lady would be moaning and groaning with so much joy that she wouldn't give a shit. Andrews's cock is fat, thick and surprisingly hard, so all the big-joint aficionados in HUSTLER-land are truly going to suffer from the ultimate case of penis envy.

Another excellent scene includes an unusual combo: a beautiful black girl (Gloria Todd); a tasty hunk of Oriental cuisine (Ming Toy); and creamy-white Gloria Leonard. This is one of the few bisexual scenes in movie history to meld these three ethnic groups.

The scene destined to become an instant classic, however, is the one in which Gloria conducts an interview with porn stars Jamie Gillis and Marc Stevens, and turns it into the old sandwich trick by getting fucked simultaneously in the ass and cunt. It's very effective footage: that is, except for Stevens's problem of getting it up. Marc has been wandering through the porn vineyards for the past eight years and, as far as I'm concerned, is now over the hill (or, rather, over the hard-on). Nevertheless, the scene is so torrid that it's surprising the celluloid doesn't self-ignite.

Still another scene is shot in a nightclub. The guy playing the disc jockey is none other than yours truly, locked into movie immortality with a poignant

(yet silent) portrayal. I appear onscreen for only about eight seconds, so there's no chance of my ruining the film. Someone who does, however, is the nightclub owner, who looks like a runaway from Tod Browning's movie *Freaks*. He is listed in the credits as Arthur Howard. Although he was the film's most inept snippet (something like a muted fart), we can at least be thankful the director made him keep his clothes on.

Even though we may find out more about Gloria Leonard than we want to, this is a highly commendable, fast-paced film. It's just about the best state-of-the-art pornographic film now playing, in the same way that a 500-watt SAE amplifier, Sherwood Micro/CPU 100 tuner and ESS speakers are the tops in stereo gear. Of course, *All About Gloria Leonard* provides no music for the ears, but a raunchy spectacle for our eyes, dicks and chis—a fiesta of filth

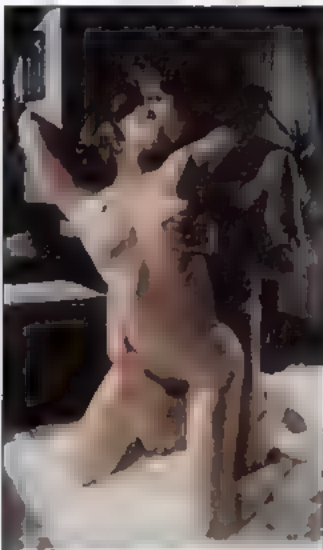
Sex World

Let us now praise Anthony Spinelli, director, co-writer and prime mover of *Sex World*. Spinelli looks every inch the successful porn craftsman. As portly as Hitchcock, he affects brown leisure suits and tends to zap you on the lapel with spittle as he talks to you. But what the fuck—he can actually conjure up character, emotion, humor and wholesome eroticism from his cast in a field in which most directors lack the talent to organize a piss-in at a brewery. *Sex World*, beautifully photographed in Panavision, de-

scribes a humanoid-staffed holiday retreat for the sexually frustrated, a two-day Shangri-la of secret dreams-come-true. Spinelli has taken this simple premise, a spin-off from *Westworld* and *Futureworld*, and woven a funny, often genuinely touching tapestry of sexual inhibition and satisfaction.

The story begins with a busload of anxious but eager citizens driving off together to the ultimate resort. We see the case histories of the major characters in flashback. For instance, there are Ralph and Millicent (Joey Civera and Kay Parker), a married couple with serious problems. Ralph is impotent and wants a sympathetic momma to cuddle him and tell him stories to rebuild his confidence. But his wife reacts to his problem by getting bitchy: "If you had any real balls, you'd throw my ass on that bed—you wouldn't take any of my shit."

Once at *Sex World*, however, Millicent is fucked inside out by a stone-faced stud—her fantasy is "an enormous cock with big balls; they have to be big"—while Ralph is pampered by a sweet young thing who purrs him into rigidity while he watches, unseen, his wife being pulverized by the stud. By the film's end Ralph has lost his spectacles, his stoop and his nervous shuffle. Striding purposefully toward the bus, he cries, "Get the bags, Millicent!"



Which one is the humanoid? At *Sex World* no one cares

and she eagerly trots after him, his happy slave forever.

With an eye to successful midwestern merchandising, most of *Sex World*'s episodes are equally homogenous; there's not a single whip or enema, although the host at the resort succinctly details—in a no-nonsense, British-naval-officer's accent—the various opportunities for bondage, discipline, incest and even *frottage* (getting off by rubbing against people in public). *Sex World*, he tells the guests, has an elevator well-stocked with attractive people against whom they can rub to their cocks' content. Since none of this is pictured onscreen, I found the film's erotica to be a little tame for my own jaded palate. There's plenty of hard-core fucking and sucking, however, and one entertaining lesbian tableau featuring Amber Hunt and Carole Tong.

Spinelli's considerable talent for crisp writing and direction is evident in two key scenes—one comic, one tragic. In the first, an uptight and racially prejudiced young stud (John Leshe) is seduced against his better judgment by a luscious, silver-tongued black honeypot (Desiree West). "Ain't this a class ass?" she beseeches. "Dally into the valley. This is home, Jerome." Leslie and West play together with a professional skill and timing that would do credit to a Carl Reiner production; the scene is a masterful blend of true comedy and teasing eroticism.

But for me the high point of the film was the episode featuring Sharon Thorpe, star of *Her Coming Attractions* (reviewed in May's HUSTLER). In *Sex World* Thorpe portrays Lisa, a frustrated and lonely young office worker whose only emotional outlet is jacking off while talking on the phone with guys she's never met. Her masturbatory-via-Ma-Bell scene is genuinely moving—sexy yet sad—and reveals the talents of a young actress who, given the right direction, can really emote. American porn is getting better, and this \$380,000 production is in the forefront of the movement to self-improve.

—Michael Stott

BOOKS

Edited by Robin Keats

We know that most people read paperbacks. Yet elitist critics continue to ignore the paperback market, which provides reading material at prices the average man is willing to pay. So *HUSTLER*, the magazine of the people, will now review paperbacks only, presenting here those works that attempt to serve our readers, either as entertainment or as education.

Elvis in His Own Words

Designed and edited by Mick Farren and Pearce Marchbank; Quick Fox, 33 West 60th Street, New York, New York 10023; 128 pages; \$4.95

At last here's a book about the late Elvis Presley that gives us an insight into the man without any of the frilly verbalizing normally associated with star biographies. This book is well-presented in a straightforward, readable manner, and crammed full of photographs showing Elvis in every facet of his life. It's a collection of his reflections on a multitude of topics: music, childhood, fame and accompanying fortune and (naturally) girls, girls, girls.

Elvis was loved by millions; what must have been so endearing about this man was not only his huge talent, but also his basic simplicity and adherence to his roots.

He had a strict upbringing, with a strong emphasis on family togetherness, which he never forgot. Other stars in his position might have rejected the values they grew up with, but Elvis remembered; his parents remained part of his life. He was particularly close to his mother, describing their relationship this way: "She's my best girlfriend" and "My mother was always with me, all my life." When she died, he said, "It was like losing a friend, a companion, someone to talk to." You truly get the feeling that Elvis's success and the rewards derived from it were a shared experience with his

family, as well as with the ever-present Colonel Tom Parker, to whom Elvis seemed genuinely grateful.

We read (it's almost like hearing) about Elvis's stint in the Army, his acting career and his reactions to critics and the press. It is written in a simple, honest way, and one can identify with so many of the down-to-earth thoughts of this star/family man/innocent. Talent may have won him fame, but the man-in-the-street's appreciation of Elvis's innocence may well account for the love accorded him.

Elvis never doubted that he was talented or that he'd make it. "From the time I was a kid," he said, "I knew something was going to happen to me. I didn't know exactly what, but it was a feeling that the future looked kinda bright." And, as we all well know, he was quite right.

I strongly recommend *Elvis in His Own Words* to anyone who enjoys his music and who is curious about the making of a truly American legend. And to

his ardent fans, it's a useful reminder: *Elvis lives!*

—Monica Webb

Beyond the Male Myth: What Women Want to Know About Men's Sexuality

By Anthony Pietropinto, M.D., and Jacqueline Simenauer; New American Library, 1301 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019; 480 pages; \$2.50

While a great deal has been written recently regarding the complexity of woman's sexual nature, modern man tends to be depicted in a sketchy and simplistic fashion. This book, however, replaces some prevalent myths about men's attitudes, using objective data from men themselves, for the

purpose of enlightening those women who may be troubled by the current spate of antimale feminist literature

Beyond the Male Myth specifically cites the popular *Hite Report*, a survey of female sexuality, as a biased, man-hating study. *The Hite Report* contends that men are basically insensitive and downright negligent about giving a woman her orgasm. In *Male Myth* we learn that men no longer aspire to be feel-'em, fuck-'em and forget-'em operators.

The authors of *Beyond the Male Myth*, a man and a woman (Dr. Pietropinto is a psychiatrist and Ms. Simenauer is a psychiatric editor and writer), surveyed more than 4,000 men of all ages, occupations, educational levels and races. They claim that *The Hite Report's* 3,019 respondents are an unrepresentative sample; thus, they don't reflect the overall attitudes of American women but, instead, those of a specific group that may be laboring under unwarranted antimale biases. Because they chose their sample more carefully, the authors of *Beyond the Male Myth* allege that their findings are indicative of how the true majority of men feels.

Pietropinto and Simenauer offer some provocative statistics: Only 20 percent of the men surveyed, for instance, considered sex to be the most important of life's pleasures. This knocks down a long-standing contention that men "are only after one thing." Sixty-five percent of the men stated that the ideal sex life is not, as is often supposed, a satyric haze of non-stop promiscuity but, rather, one steady female partner. Fifty-one percent of the men wish to be married, with their wife as their only sex partner. However, the biggest blow to the male myth is the revelation that 98 percent of the respondents place importance on the woman having an orgasm. (It was Hite's contention that men rarely take the time to deliver women to that point.)

Overall, Pietropinto and Simenauer found men to be far more concerned with the emotional aspects of male-female relationships than one would

'Elvis': The beat goes on, and "they want pieces of you for souvenirs."



expect from the popular myth that men are insensitive louts. In fact, the authors found that today's man, more so than his father or grandfather, needs women to validate his masculinity. In the past such validation was secured through male bonds: in the locker room, at a bar, on the team. But male camaraderie seems to have fallen off in recent years. Women are now seen in pubs and on playing fields, in boardrooms and on military bases. All of this has rendered machismo—always a code of heavy-handed behavior that a man uses to earn respect from other men—less effective today than in any previous era.

Men are now defining their masculinity in terms of the way they perform with women, not only sexually but emotionally as well. As *Beyond the Male Myth* concludes, the bedroom, rather than the locker room, is now the most important place for a man to find his manhood.

—Tim Robertson

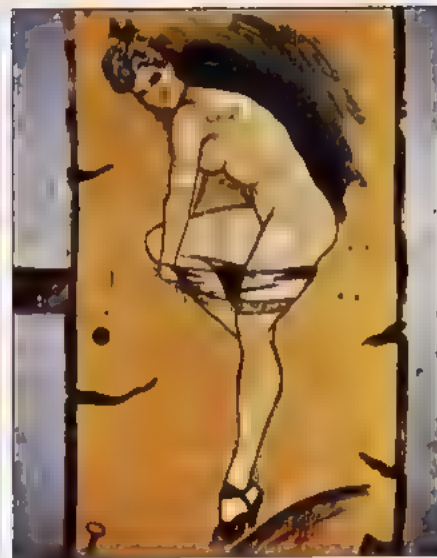
Classy Chassy

By Ian Logan and Henry Nield; A&W Promotional Book Corporation, 95 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016; 80 pages; 121 photos (55 in color); \$5.95

Classy Chassy presents itself as an "art book" designed to fill a gap "the art historians have missed." A book about the pinup art that appeared on U.S. aircraft during World War II and Korea, *Chassy* will provide most of us with a nostalgia trip. For others, the book will be a definite turn-on. The '40s pinup painting style might be dated, but a curvy girl is still a curvy girl.

Chassy fails as an art book simply because it lacks the supporting text that might convince us these aircraft paintings went beyond mere decorative wish-fulfillment. It is significant that no girlie art as such was found in the Vietnam War. *Chassy* has only one example of the new pinup plane art, which appears on the last page of the book.

Perhaps this art style faded because those in the Vietnam War could not align themselves



'Classy Chassy' During World War II, U.S. Air Force artists worked their way from nose to tail and back again to show the enemy (and each other) exactly what it was we were fighting for over there—oomph!

with the security of American homelife—typified by Mom, apple pie and the pinup girl—the way that our fighting boys in World War II and Korea did. But this is a question for a serious art historian to pursue, and it's a question that this picture book was obviously too lazy to tackle.

The title comes from the 1940 Raoul Walsh film *They Drive by Night*, in which George Raft, playing a trucker, sizes up waitress Ann Sheridan and deadpans that she's got "a classy chassie." Sheridan, famous as the "Oomph Girl,"

was one of the most popular pinup girls during World War II. She exemplified the high-breasted, figure-perfect cutie we find in the art of Varga, an illustrator for the then-racy men's magazine *Esquire*. In fact, Varga inspired so much aircraft art that several of his original illustrations appear in the book alongside the airmen's own versions, which had even more nudity.

But a lot of the aircraft art was strikingly original and specifically designed for the sport of war—everything from protective images of the Virgin

Mary on the fuselage to graffiti-style renditions of two naked chicks dive-bombing with propellers on their tits.

Anyone who was an airman during World War II or Korea will enjoy *Classy Chassy*. Apart from its textual shortcomings, the book doesn't fail in any major way. The color art, reproduced on heavy, laminated paper, is excellent. But no matter how good, the book is overly expensive. Six bucks is too much for an 80-page paperback. How about some art for the masses?

—Barry Armitage



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SEX PRACTICES

by Bill Nirenberg

We had just moved to New Jersey when Millie found out she was pregnant. Because we wanted to dispense with delivery-room drugs, spinal injections, inhaled anesthetics and mechanical instruments—all of which can have a damaging effect on an infant or mother—we decided upon the Lamaze method of natural childbirth, an approach that would enable us to experience our child's birth together.

This was Millie's first pregnancy. She was a little bit uneasy and felt that my presence during delivery would give her added support and relief. As for myself, I didn't want to miss the birth of my child.

The Lamaze method—named for Ferdinand Lamaze, the French physician who developed it in 1951—is widely accepted in most hospitals today. It is a much more popular method of natural childbirth than the Leboyer method, a newer technique that involves delivering the baby in a dimly lit room. With Leboyer, the infant takes its first breath while still attached to the mother by the umbilical cord and then is rinsed in a small tub of warm water.

The Lamaze method is a technique that gives the father an active role in the birth process. As a coach, he directs the mother through a series of breathing exercises, motivating her to hypnotically tune in on his voice and the rhythm of her breathing, and to block out any awareness of pain. The panting and breathing-on-count also relax the mother, reducing the fearful tension that so often causes a difficult delivery. The expectant couple is taught these breathing exercises at special Lamaze training sessions, where possible delivery problems are pinpointed.

The sessions are designed to instill feelings of confidence and security in the mother and father. What was about to happen to us, however, was more than we had been prepared for.

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that repression of natural, healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles on sex practices throughout the world. We do this to educate our readers on the varieties of human sexuality, to lessen their inhibitions and—ultimately—to make them even better persons.



NATURAL CHILDBIRTH

The fee for the course is \$25. Millie and I enrolled in Lamaze's preliminary classes, which provide both a background on the principles of childbirth and the basics of this particular method. Because pregnancy is a mystery for many couples, the first five classes are designed to clear up misconceptions. We were shown slides and movies of a fetus developing inside the womb. We saw how the fetus's heart formed and circulation began; how arms, legs, feet, hands and fingers budded out; and how, at the end of four months, the baby's sex was already apparent. Millie was told that certain foods and vitamins become important at different stages of pregnancy. The need for calcium and iron was particularly emphasized because the

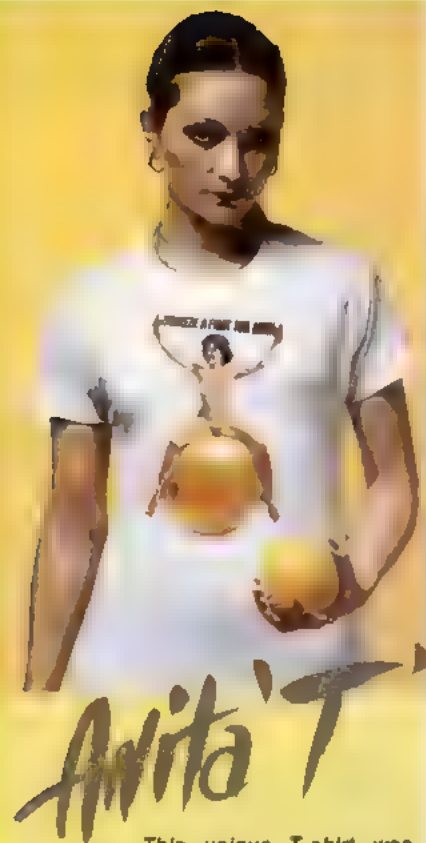
mother's normal supply of these essentials is drained in nourishing the baby.

Central to the Lamaze method is having the father and mother perform as a single unit in the delivery room. Psychologically, this takes stress off the mother, giving her someone to lean on. For this reason, fathers-to-be joined their women when the class practiced delivery-related exercises such as knee-raises, stretching and the pelvic rock (a back-and-forth rocking of the pelvis that relieves the backaches many pregnant women get from carrying their child).

After the five preliminary classes were over we were ready for the second part of the method, which deals with the actual Lamaze breathing exercises and delivery procedure. Although eager to begin this practical phase of our instruction, my wife and I couldn't continue because I had just been offered a new job as art director of a large men's magazine and had to leave New Jersey for Ohio. After our arrival Millie's new doctor informed us where the Lamaze courses were held, and by the end of October, Millie and I were ready to begin the second phase of our instruction on natural childbirth.

The first seminar was crummy. Instead of focusing on the women, the instructor tried to appease the men present, many of whom had been dragged there by their wives and expressed obvious discontent and boredom. The teacher played word-association games, teamed up couples to introduce them and had informal group-therapy chats. All this must have worked, because by the second class everyone was down to business.

Now came the breathing exercises, central to which is the concept of relaxation. It is necessary in the Lamaze method for the woman to condition herself to immediately relax whatever part of her body the man touches or even



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mentions. This will reduce pain almost hypnotically during labor.

Various breathing exercises are performed in conjunction with the husband's verbal coaching. The couple begins with slow breathing: in through the nose and out through the mouth. This light breathing is next accompanied by *effleurage*—a caressing motion of the mother's hands over her stomach. As the contractions become heavier, we were taught to execute the "he-he" and "he-hoo" breathing exercises—so called because these are the sounds of inhaling and exhaling. The man leads and the woman mimics; this way she doesn't have to concentrate on the exercise or think about the pain. The breathing increases to a panting rhythm as the contractions become more frequent. When the contractions are at their peak, there is a straight blowing out of the mouth while the woman tries to relax. All these exercises are practiced in various positions—with the woman on her side, back, sitting up—so that the mother can be comfortable in any posture during labor. We would practice these exercises every night, timing fake contractions and going through simulated labor. Pretty soon we were reacting almost by instinct.

We had only attended the first four of the scheduled seven classes when my job again called for another relocation, this time to Southern California. There, Millie's newest doctor predicted a later date for the baby's arrival than we had been given in Ohio.

We hired a private nurse, who tutored us through the rest of the course, reviewing the breathing exercises and our general knowledge of the Lamaze delivery process. Now all that remained was to continue rehearsing and wait for January 25, the expected date of birth.

But the 25th of January came and went without bringing us a baby. Another week passed, then another and another. We became almost casual about the imminent event, feeling at times bored with it or vaguely anxious for it to take place. Then, on February 17 at 2:55 a.m., Millie suddenly got out of bed and went to the bathroom. I heard a big gush of water, which sounded like a waterfall.

This was it! She had broken water, that is, the amniotic sac, which encases the baby in a saline solution, had ruptured, and the baby was ready to descend down the birth canal. I called the doctor, who told me to time her contractions. When he learned they were seven minutes apart, he told me to come to the hospital. The contractions suddenly started coming at four-minute intervals,

and we rushed off to our destination.

As suggested in the Lamaze course, we had previously taken a tour of the hospital, familiarizing ourselves with the staff and facilities. Now, as we arrived, the attendant immediately wheeled Millie to her private labor room. The nurses fastened a belt around her stomach. This belt was connected to a fetal monitor, a machine that measures the intensity of the mother's contractions, rated on a scale from 0 to 99 in terms of increasing strength. The fetal monitor also keeps track of the baby's heartbeat. This information produces a digital readout on a television screen, a paper readout for the doctor to make notes on, and an audible bleep of the baby's heart. I paced our breathing exercises by the digital readout, Millie following my lead as we set a pace to relieve her increasing labor pains.

Initially, as her contractions went from 0 to 30, we did slow breathing exercises: in through the nose and out through the mouth, to which she added the *effleurage* motion. As the contractions became stronger, we advanced to the "he-he" and "he-hoo" exercises. Our nights of practicing were paying off. Millie and I were working as a single, coordinated unit.

When her contractions eventually reached the 90 mark—the point of highest intensity—her cervix partially dilated (enlarged) to allow for the eventual passage of the baby's head. This usually means the hardest part of a birth is over, because the initial halfway dilation takes the longest. As it turned out, however, my wife's labor would last nearly 12 hours. Over this time period we had to keep alternating her position from her side to her back to lessen her fatigue. After eight hours her pain had become so great that we had to forget about natural childbirth and get Millie an "epidural," an anesthetic that went into the back (near the spinal column) and deadened everything from her stomach to her toes. This helped her relax for about half an hour, but it also stopped the contractions; this sometimes happens when anesthetics are administered. So the doctor had to give her another drug to restart the contractions. As the numbness wore off, Millie's contractions felt twice as bad as before.

At about one in the afternoon the doctor told Millie that her cervix was totally dilated and that she should start pushing. This is not the most painful part of birth; but it is the hardest for the fatigued mother, because the constant pushing down requires a lot of energy. I coached her by counting from one to ten while Millie pushed on each count.

SEX PRACTICES

We'd rest, then push and count again.

It was only then that we went to the delivery room. I had to wash up and put on a gown, mask, gloves and shoe covers, because hospitals prefer that a baby emerge into a sterile environment, and thus have fewer chances of complications. Millie pushed for over two hours, but the baby seemed to be too large to exit; the delivery was becoming abnormally painful and overdrawn. Again Millie asked for a painkiller and again an epidural was administered.

The doctor and I left the room to discuss a cesarean. Both of us agreed on the operation. Millie was in accord, but as we were preparing for her surgery, the baby's heart stopped beating! I didn't know at first that it had stopped. I watched, frightened and confused, as the delivery room became a panic-stricken arena, something unmentioned (if not undreamed of) in the Lamaze method's easygoing run-through.

The nurse suddenly threw blankets on top of Millie. The doctor grabbed some forceps, quickly resterilized himself and performed an episiotomy—an incision from the vagina toward the anus, thus enabling the baby a wider exit. Then, in one quick moment, the nurse jumped on Millie's stomach, pushing the baby through, while the doctor

pulled the baby out with forceps. At the instant all this happened Millie let out a terrifying scream, and the baby was born.

All the blood and gore of the childbirth didn't bother me. Lamaze had done a good job in preparing us for this unpleasant sight, which I can only describe as disgusting but beautiful. However, the baby was very pale, more than I imagined he'd be, and this scared me. The doctor, though, immediately noticed a knot in the umbilical cord, cutting off the baby's blood, stopping his heart and turning him white. After removal of the umbilical cord, oxygen was pumped through a tube down his throat, reviving him immediately. While the nurses took care of the baby, the doctor stitched up the episiotomy.

Millie and I were both in tears. Once Michael (our baby) was revived and Millie and I had held him briefly, he was quickly taken to intensive care for a long series of tests. Because of the knot in the umbilical cord, Michael had some acid in his system and was given a base solution to neutralize it, as well as an IV (intravenous feeding) for nourishment. Even though the doctor had assured me Michael was all right, I worried until the next day, when I returned to the hospital and saw Michael with Millie.

On the fourth day Michael developed jaundice, another surprise Lamaze hadn't mentioned. Evidently, 80 percent of all newborn babies contract some degree of jaundice, but luckily Michael's was not at a dangerous level. After two additional days we were able to take him home, and the jaundice completely cleared up in about a week.

We had been expecting a totally natural childbirth, but with the complications necessitating the use of the anesthetics and forceps, it didn't end up that way. Lamaze was nevertheless helpful, because along with educating us on the whole subject of childbirth (and what could happen in an emergency), it brought Millie and me closer. The breathing exercises worked to relax Millie, easing the pain and tension. But after eight hours of it, she needed something else for rest and relief. Also, because of the unnatural way Michael came out, with forceps and the small opening, he had a torn cartilage in his shoulder and a bruise on his head. Fortunately, these both healed in a matter of weeks.

After all is said and done, seeing my child come out of the womb was one of my greatest experiences. I felt that I had not only helped create life, but had seen it through to its fulfillment.



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PLAINS, GEORGIA LOOKING FOR MR. GOOBER

Article by
Frank Fortunato

"You can believe I'm doing this for the money," I complained to Mark Baker, HUSTLER's East Coast editor. "If I had my druthers, I'd check out Lapland or Albania before Plains, Georgia." Baker, patient as usual, listened to my beef and filled me in on travel arrangements. He's used to listening to writers.

After picking up my rental car at the Atlanta airport, I spent an hour on the phone, map in hand, trying to find a decent motel in the Plains vicinity. This is more involved than one might think, since Plains, with a

population of 683, wasn't on my map. Eventually, I gave up and headed south on Interstate 75 toward a town called Cordele, which looked like it might be close to where Plains was *supposed* to be. A tear welled in my eye about 15 miles south of Atlanta as I sighted an adult-movie motel. I figured it was the last sign of civilization—as I knew it—that I would encounter for the next week.

About 100 miles south of Atlanta you start to spot Carter commercialization, in the form of signs trying to lure you to souvenir stores or through some jerk-water burg that claims to be "the quickest route to Plains." A bit farther down the pike a solitary billboard rises on the edge of a peanut field:

THANKS
JIMMY CARTER
PRESIDENT

The Ramada Inn at Cordele is, I suppose, like Ramada Inns everywhere—except for the price. A huge single room costs \$12 a night, while similar facilities in Atlanta are \$27. Money is tight in southern Georgia, which is farm country where amenities are controlled by the various fluctuations of the agrarian economy. It had been a dry summer.

"No, you sure can't get a drink today," the lady behind the motel desk told me.

"Not even a beer?" I asked incredulously. Again the answer was no. The

state of Georgia is dry on Sunday—that is, unless you know someone. I didn't know anybody.

You don't know what "dead" is until you try to find something happening in Baptist country on a Sunday night. Shortly after midnight I decided to ride over to Plains. The car's AM radio cranked out gospel music and fire-and-brimstone sermons from one end of the dial to the other. The seesaw sound of crickets was the only noise punctuating the silence outside the window. I passed only one car on the 40-mile trip from Cordele to Plains.

At night, Plains probably looks much as it has for years. The water tower marking the entrance to town is an ominous monolith in the moonlight. The Carter peanut warehouse is next to it, and on the right is Billy Carter's Amoco station. Closed, it looks like any other gas station... except for the *three* soda machines and *two* junk-food dispensers standing outside. There are 12 tour services in Plains, and Billy Carter runs one of them. Chief evidence of this are the open-air trolleys lined up like so many oversized toys to the right of his service station.

After snooping around in back I jumped in my car and drove west on Church Street, the main drag. Several blocks down a series of signs on both sides of the street read:

NO STOPPING KEEP MOVING

Then I came to Woodland Drive, blocked off by a railroad-type barrier next to a small guardhouse with one-way glass. Because of the full moon that night, I could see a long white trailer several hundred yards down the street. I figured it to be the Secret Service command post.

I parked in a driveway across the street and headed down Woodland Drive. I thought of sneaking in through the woods on the left, but instead I walked slowly down the center of the street like Gary Cooper in *High Noon*. That was a fortunate decision. When I was about halfway to the trailer several men came out the front door, walking rapidly toward me. Simultaneously, another man came out of the woods behind me, speaking into a walkie-talkie. I stopped dead.

"Where do you think you're going, fella?" one member of the front group asked. I mumbled something about being a reporter looking for the President's house, and then added contritely, "I'm not looking for any trouble, I just..."

"You came damn near to buying a *whole lotta trouble*. We've been watching you since you crossed that barrier. Let's see some identification."

I showed him my HUSTLER press card. When that didn't get me shot, I produced a driver's license.

"Just because you're a reporter doesn't give you the right to come sneaking in here. You realize you're trespassing?"

"Well, yeah... that's why I walked down the center of the street instead of slidin' through the woods." The agent snickered momentarily.

"You came about this close," he said, gesturing with his fingers, "to getting your hair parted on the other side of your head."

"I don't need another part."

"Well, we don't like to do that, but we have no way of knowing who or what you are. Why did you do it?" I pointed to the full moon and shrugged.

Actually, crossing the barrier *was* pretty dumb. Luckily for me, the SS men were cool. They suggested several places in town where I might acquire a pass onto the presidential street.

Ten hours later I was driving back into Plains to check out the SS leads. The first place was the original Carter camp headquarters, which now functions as a sort of museum. I was stonewalled by a sweet old lady who had no idea what the SS was talking about, but who nevertheless referred me to the

(continued on page 98)





"Dear God, would you please kill Mommy and Daddy?"



RUTH CARTER STAPLETON

Ruth shows pink?
Well, what did you expect?
Remember, you don't have to be trumpy
to fill up on the Lord.



The Shanor Study

The Sexual Sensitivity of the American Male

By Dr. Karen Shanor

It is easier in our society to be naked physically than to be naked psychologically or spiritually—easier to share our body than to share our fantasies, hopes, fears and aspirations, which are felt to be more personal, and the sharing of which is experienced as making us more vulnerable.
—Rollo May, *The Courage to Create*

Fantasy is a powerful force in all our lives. Through our imaginings we examine, explore and plan our lives. We create. In recognizing and understanding our fantasies we can better understand ourselves and what we fear or desire. Whether or not we choose to carry out our fantasies, fantasizing can release such fears or desires. Fantasies are self-stimulations and mock-ups of our options. In fact, deciding which one to enact is a decision about the kind of life we want to lead, what roles we choose to follow and which life-style we fashion for ourselves.

Sexual fantasies are as diverse as the people who have them. Until recently, these deep personal secrets were not explored or shared by people. And in intimate communication between individuals the physical elements took precedent, but thoughts were masked and often misunderstood. It is still not uncommon for two people to expose their bodies to one another, to join in sex and yet not disclose their feelings.

Further, many individuals worry about their sexual fantasies, thinking them perverse. This, of course, contributes to self-isolation, chastisement and occasional impotence. Fears of even having sexual thoughts sometimes lead to emotional disturbance and irrational (and perhaps dangerous) behavior. Imagined situations suppressed by the individual sometimes explode into behavioral outbursts such as rape, exhibitionism or extreme sadomasochism. If sexual fantasies could be recognized, understood and somehow released—either in sharing, acting out or just plain allowing oneself to have these thoughts—such uncontrollable consequences could be avoided.

Fantasies are dynamic, changing as we change. A sexual thought that turned us on at ten years of age won't necessarily cause any arousal when we are 15 or 40. As we have new experiences, read new books, see movies, we add to our store of fantasies. And so long as we don't actively try to suppress any of these sexual thoughts, we can choose and nurture the types of fantasies we'd like to have. By understanding ourselves and taking responsibility for our lives and sexuality we can control our fan-

tasies rather than be controlled by them. Fantasizing can be fun. And our sexual fantasies can be tools for gaining new insights.

Until recently, women's sexual fantasies were an especially well-kept secret. Although the popular double-standard, puritanical view was that females rarely thought about or enjoyed sex, in the past 100 years such sexologists as Krafft-Ebing, Freud and Kinsey reported that women have an abundance of sexual fantasies. It was not known precisely what these fantasies really were; however, this lack of knowledge about women's sexuality encouraged a general attitude that women were mysterious, unpredictable creatures, and often fostered an unnatural antagonism between the sexes. At the same time, women didn't know what other women were thinking about sex. In those days of "good girls" and "bad girls" those who endeavored to stay in the "good-girl" category worried unnecessarily about the "bad-girl" fantasies that commonly popped into their minds. So they built protective facades, while often feeling guilty and worrying about the unspeakable thoughts they harbored. With men the situation was different, but often no better.

Art and literature through the ages have been concerned with men's sexual fantasies; male fantasizing was condoned and accepted. Even so, unacceptable fantasies produced guilt and anxiety in the less restricted male mind. What if his fantasies went farther than or were different from those celebrated by pinups or *Playboy* centerfolds? Did that mean he was not a real man? Many worried needlessly, while many more felt that the important elements of caring and communicating were missing from the American stereotype of masculinity. Their private fantasies often replaced these missing emotional parts, but many men felt they were alone in having these longings.

The media of recent years have done a great service by educating people about sexual possibilities and allaying many fears about perversity in one's thoughts and actions. But magazines and films have not gone far enough toward incorporating men's longings to love and be loved. They still monolithically treat men like the tough, unfeeling stereotype who is aroused by some visual stimulus—some beautiful, sexy woman, a "good piece of ass"—and who then acts sexually in a mechanical fashion. This stereotype does a great disservice to both men and women by ignoring, denying and denigrating the sensitivity that is also present in the male.

This sensitivity is evident in men's sexual fantasies. So are many other qualities, such as the sincere desire to

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Photography by Matt Klatt



Visualizing yourself as
another character during
sex—a well-built black
stud, perhaps—can make
a big difference in your
style of lovemaking and
in the way your partner
perceives you.



Often the young executive sees the stimulating power in combining sex with his world of high finance. The polished desk top of his plush office presents a fantasy scene for hard and fast sexual contact, an outrageous break from the cool efficiency surrounding him.

Some men dream of being singled out of the audience by a stripper as she grinds her body sumptuously, performing solely for his benefit and begging him to jump up and join in.

fulfill their partners' needs. Their fantasies reveal the very individual ways in which each man wishes to experience himself and to experience his own sensitivity.

Fantasies present explicit profiles of what is important to a person in many aspects of life. The following are examples of sexual imaginings

TOP TEN MALE FANTASIES

Influenced by a man's experiences, as well as by his attitudes about himself and his sexuality, the type of fantasies a man has reflect his cultural heritage, his learning and his values. But neither men nor women are tied to their fantasies. They can bring in new fantasies, discard old ones, and nurture and enjoy the ones they like.

Some fantasies are more popular among certain age groups. With men over 40 most fantasies involve having sex with prostitutes. These same men also have fantasies involving younger women, while men in their teens and 20s frequently imagine themselves with older women.

Sensory fantasies during orgasm are most prevalent among the younger age groups, but power and achievement fantasies (although more appreciated by men in their late 30s and 40s) are common to men of all age groups, and reflect the achievement/competition values with which men are inculcated from childhood.

The following fantasies rank as the Top Ten among contemporary American men

1. The Nude (or Semi-Nude) Female Body

"When I masturbate, I think of a naked, seductive woman with large breasts and a beautiful cunt."

2. Sex With a Woman Not Previously Involved With

"My masturbatory fantasies usually involve a woman I have not had sexual relations



in a bondage fantasy either sex can be dominant or submissive. Some men delight in completely enslaving the woman who struggles uselessly while bound and gagged, heeding his orders and muscle.

with. Generally, I 'set up' the fantasy by pretending the woman is attracted to me and picks me up. Usually, the lovemaking positions are varied. I don't get felled too often in my fantasies. Mostly, it's just straight fucking "

"A girl runs into my office, closes the door behind her, rips off her clothes and begs me to have intercourse with her. After I succumb she wants to fellate me, and I willingly consent."

"Seducing women I have known in the past usually takes place just before falling asleep or just after waking up in the morning. Usually, my fantasy finds me either in bed with these women or outside in some beautiful park or the like. The lovemaking imagery involves quite a bit of mutual pleasure and is rarely bizarre—just two people ardently making love. My female lovers have long hair and attractive figures with large breasts. My sexual feelings are almost always accompanied by feelings of 'real' love; that is, it isn't just a seduction scene. The women are not strangers. The specific sexual activities are standard face-to-face, oral/anal, etc. Fantasies like these are almost daily occurrences, but change from one woman to another. They are rarely replays, and I certainly would appreciate an opportunity to test out my imagination."

3. Sexual Replays

"If I've had an especially good sexual experience with someone, I often think of it again to arouse me when I'm masturbating. For example, a couple of months ago I was in Tahoe, where I met a beautiful, sensitive woman. She enjoyed making love so much that the expression on her face and the sounds she made were terrifically exciting to me. I think back on our time together "

4. Sex With Two or More Women

"The masturbatory fantasy is usually some visualization of a past sexual encounter or a group-sex scene in which I am

All men dream of sex
with more than one
woman at a time,
not only because
of the increased
pleasure possibilities
but also as a chance
to prove themselves in
sexual performance
and endurance.
Here there are no
relationships or strings
attached—only pure
sexual gratification.



the only male. The idea of a mother and her daughter competing for my affections and both winning is also very stimulating. Although I've never experienced this fantasy, I'd like to "

"Two lesbians and myself."

"Sometimes I think of making love to two women at a time, experiencing moments of passivity and aggression. Generally, there is no feeling of love (in the platonic sense), but rather a singular urge for sex and gratification.... I've never experienced this fantasy. Although I have some doubts as to my performance capabilities, I certainly wouldn't refuse an opportunity to make love to two women at the same time if offered."

5. Power and Achievement (including being considered an exceptionally good lover)

"All my sexual daydreams are tied up with being successful in business, which for me is related to sexual gratification."

"I fantasize that I'm making love to the most exciting, beautiful woman in the world. I drive her wild, and she keeps coming back for more, believing I'm the best lover she's ever been with."

"I fantasize about raping a woman to the point of making her subject to my desires, but I stop short of rape."

6. Watching a Woman Perform in a Sexually Enticing Way

"When I make love to my wife, and am sometimes not really in the most aroused mood, I help things along by fantasizing about a stripper I saw in New Orleans several years ago. This girl was fantastic. She skillfully tantalized and titillated everyone in the audience—the women, too, I'm sure."

"She started fully clothed, dancing provocatively to the music; her hips and stomach and even her breasts moved seductively. As she took her clothes off and made coy 'Come and get me, sweetheart' moves, I felt my mouth get dry and my dick get hard. It's hard to explain what she did, but her moves were sexier than hell and almost hypnotic. She was sort of a Pied Piper—or maybe a better example would be a snake ('penis') charmer. By the time she got down to her G-string and her bare, beautiful, erect-nippled breasts, I was ready to rush onstage to fuck her. In my fantasy I do exactly that."

7. Clandestine Sex

"Mine is a daydream fantasy based on true experience. She was the director of an employment service in our community

and had met with me in my office about our company hiring students for the summer. She was beautiful, with blond hair, blue eyes and a sexy, sexy body—though she tried to hide it with businesslike clothes. We talked awhile, I agreed to hire two persons for two months. Then I asked if she'd like to go out with me, but she had other appointments to keep that afternoon. I asked her about the following day, but she said it was better not to go out, since she was married. In a small town people do talk.

"Two weeks later, by chance—or fate—we bumped into each other at a local restaurant. I was leaving as she came in alone. I asked if I could join her, and she consented. As we drank our beers, I knew she was as interested and as turned on as I was. I moved my leg against hers as she sat across the table. She responded, and we were both so horny that we couldn't stand it. 'Where can we go?' I asked. She said she didn't know of a safe place and really should leave—while she could."

"I offered to drive her back to her office. She accepted. Although she sat properly against the passenger door of my station wagon, we immediately held each other's hand, and the vibes and heat were incredible. I reached across to put my hand on her thigh while she moved toward me. We were both so hot that I drove past her office and out into the country. We parked the car in a wooded area on some farm and made fantastic love in the back of the wagon. We still get together every so often and find a hidden place for our affair."

8. Wife or Lover Having Sexual Relations With Another Man

"During sexual relations I fantasize that my wife is having relations with other men or that she is having sex with a black man in order to get satisfaction."

"It is very exciting to think that some big stud is fucking my wife, and her legs are spread out and she's screaming and having one big orgasm after another."

"When we have sex, I get very stimulated if my wife makes up stories about fucking other men, describing in detail what their penises feel like going in and out and how she is feeling and how they seduce and ravish her."

9. Sex With a Younger Woman

"I get turned on by the sexy nymphs who walk down the street with their long hair and firm, lithe bodies. When I see one, I fantasize how I'd stop to talk with her, invite her out to dinner, perhaps go dancing at a disco and then go to her apartment

In an older man, sex
with a younger girl
has a wholesome and
uninhibited appeal,
accompanied by
rejuvenating and
slightly irreverent
spontaneity.
For her, it's a new
experience while he
makes up for what
he missed in his
younger days.



or rent a motel room to make love all night. I could come again and again in her young, tight cunt, teaching her the joys of love that only a man (in contrast to a boy) would know."

"I fantasize about seducing the Lolitas of this world, and I'd like to realize this fantasy very much."

10. Thinking of Making Love to One Woman While Having Intercourse With Another

"Susan and I have been married for over 15 years, so sex is more of a 'have-to' thing than an exciting adventure. Recently, I met Jane at a convention. We missed most of the convention—staying in her room and making love all day and all night. I've never been so turned on, never made love so long and so many times in a row. I didn't know I was capable of it anymore. The memory of Jane makes me extremely horny, and I find I often think of her when making love to Susan. I feel kind of guilty about it. But then I think I can please Susan better sexually with such arousing thoughts."

SPECIAL FANTASIES

Of course, there are many more fantasy categories. Here are some examples of unusual and imaginative erotic thoughts

Bondage

"She is the sexiest woman I've ever seen, with long black hair, flashing white teeth and the greatest figure imaginable. Her breasts are voluptuous. She's a nurse at the clinic where I work, and during the day I've been fantasizing doing a whole trip with her."

"I imagine us working late one night after everyone else has gone home. I walk into one of the examination rooms, and there she is. I instruct her to take off her clothes and lie on the table. When she does this, I take some rubber tubing and tie her down. I spread her arms and legs, and tie them to the metal supports on the sides of the table. She looks so helpless and so ready for whatever I have to offer."

"I go to her pussy, open the lips and play with them. I take a feather and tickle her clitoris and her pussy lips. Then I lick her pussy, sucking her clitoris and putting my tongue up inside her. She squeals with delight, but is still bound so she can't move. I tantalize her in these ways for more than an hour until she's begging me to fuck her."

"Then I take out my hard penis and stand above her and rub it on the outside of her wet pussy. She keeps begging and begging me, and I just tease her. Then I insert my penis slightly. She tries to get it farther in, but can't because she's tied down. She's going crazy and wants me to fuck her deep so bad; but I won't comply

yet. I hold on to her huge breasts, and then I suddenly start thrusting my penis deep inside her. She screams with ecstasy as we both come, with me pushing deeper inside her than ever before."

Incest

"Once, with a woman with whom I couldn't get an erection, I fantasized about my sister and a girl I know being together on a couch. My sister gently touches the girl all over—and gradually lowers the girl's panties. At this point I had a wonderful erection."

Golden Shower

"My lover positions her cunt right above my upper chest. I can see her dark-pink cunt lips and the pubic hair around them. I start to masturbate. As I reach the point just before coming, I moan, and she lets go with warm urine all over my chest and neck. I come immediately, feeling a hot glow inside and outside my body. This fantasy is used to give me a superwarm orgasm whenever I masturbate."

Masturbating With a Partner

"I actually did this with a former lover, and I think of it often while masturbating. She and I play with each other awhile, coating our bodies with oil. Then we lie on our backs so that our legs are touching and we can see each other's genital area. We each start masturbating ourselves while watching the other. We move in rhythm with each other, and it intensifies. As she starts to come, she moans and closes her eyes, and I can see and feel her body stiffen. I'm terribly excited by now, and as I watch her give herself an orgasm and hear her moan with pleasure, I start to come also. The sperm shoots out on my stomach and on her side. She opens her eyes and smiles lovingly."

Sex With a Woman of a Different Race

"I fantasize about having sex with a voluptuous Jamaican woman—dark and beautiful. When I vacationed down there, I saw many women who excited me, but I was afraid to start anything because they might not want to."

"I dream about a dark woman with large breasts. I meet her at a cafe. She's dressed in a bright orange dress and high heels, with a white gardenia in her hair. We talk. I invite her out for dinner and dancing. She accepts, and we go to a nightclub she knows of with Caypso music."

"As we dance, I can feel her sexy body against me. Soon I have a hard-on, but she doesn't seem to mind as we continue to move erotically together with the music. Soon I'm intoxicated by her, the rum and





"Now if Billy averages \$18 per mugging and an ounce of smack goes for..."

the atmosphere. We start sharing long soul kisses during the slow numbers

"I caress her breasts with my hand as we dance (secretly, so that others can't see). I can feel her big breasts and firm nipples. I can also feel her cunt pushing against me. I ask her when we can leave, and she takes me to her apartment nearby

"As I undress her, I can't believe the smoothness of her skin and how sexy she is. While I'm sucking her breasts, she plays with my erect penis and begs me to fuck her with it. I penetrate her hot, wet vagina and come almost immediately because of the excitement. But I'm hard again almost instantly, and we continue to make love until dawn and exhaustion."

Sexual Relations With Animals

"A large dog comes into my house and starts sniffing all around. I only have on a skimpy robe, and he starts sniffing me. When he gets to my penis, I notice it starts getting hard from the attention. I take some gravy (from dinner the previous evening) and put it on my penis. The dog sniffs and licks it frantically. What a great feeling! I keep putting the gravy on, and he keeps lapping it off. My penis is throbbing and on the verge of orgasm. Finally, I can't stand it any longer. I use my hand to jack off while the dog is licking me. Sure would like to find the right dog and really do this."

Amputation

"My favorite fantasy concerns amputation. The only reason I buy *Penthouse* is to read amputees' letters to the editor. I am convinced the letters are fake, probably written by some imaginative editor, but they nevertheless turn me on

"Now my strongest sexual arousal (outside of actual relations with my wife) is provoked by amputee fantasies. I can't explain the fetish, other than to say I think I was born with it. I'm ashamed because I think it's abnormal. But I can't control it.

"I fantasize that each of the girls in my recollections has only one leg or no legs at all—always cut off above the knee, near the hip. I actually saw a one-legged young girl with long black hair, on crutches, in a restaurant a few months ago. I was surprised at how intensely I reacted to her—feverish, disoriented, with loss of appetite. She has since become part of my fantasies. I don't know what I'd do if I ever came into physical contact with an amputee. 'Blow a fuse,' as the *Penthouse* letters say, I suppose. Infrequently, during intercourse, I'll knead my wife's hip and imagine it is a stump. Weird, indeed—but not deviant."

Menstruation

"I have one constant masturbation fantasy, which I have every time I mastur-

bate—and it's something I actually experience occasionally. I'm mounted on my wife's back, milking her breasts, plunging deep into her. While she pulls me in, I wiggle from side to side. We come simultaneously. Then we're standing, and I'm behind her actively fucking. She's standing there, supporting my activity, but is not passionately involved. She's menstruating, blood is dripping down her legs."

Miscellaneous

"I have wild fantasies about having sex with men and women in some of the cult groups that practice black magic."

"I fantasize fucking a witch"

"I fantasize about women and snakes (especially those with lines). I fantasize about snakes writhing over the woman while she is having an orgasm."

"I fantasize watching a woman masturbate. She first does it with her hand—actually her three middle fingers—and I can tell she likes to touch herself with her other hand as she fondles and plays with her breasts. The second time she uses an electric vibrator, with one hand on top of her clitoris and her other hand working a dildo in and out of her. These fantasies are based on what I've actually seen."

A man's sexual fantasies are very personally his and present an explicit profile of what is important to him in many aspects of life. Some fantasies are romantic, some are wistful, and some are quick and to the point. But all tell us something about the fantasizer

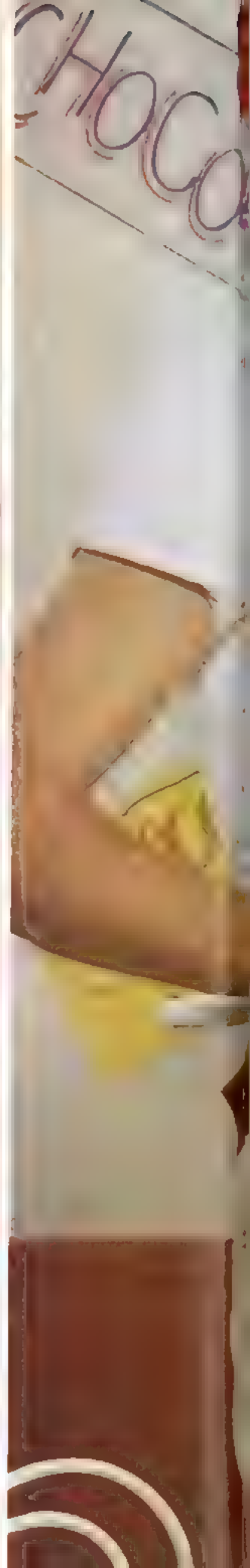
Often people worry about the substance of their fantasies—afraid the fantasies are weird or somehow "wrong." But we all have a wide variety of thoughts, and probably the ones we are most concerned about having are in fact "normal" and commonly shared. It is better to know and understand our fantasies than to try to deny or suppress them. And the derivation of our thoughts is usually quite logical and rational.


Out of context, for example, some people may find an enema fantasy a bit strange. But when one knows about the incident that provoked such a fascination, the fantasizer is seen to have a healthy way to express his thoughts. We recognize that the feeling of guilt or excess worry about having a certain thought is usually the villain—not the thought itself.

We don't have to act on our sexual fantasies—and we usually find it practical not to do so. We can, however, enjoy them; communicate them to others, if we choose; and, most of all, use them as tools toward self-understanding and self-acceptance, for through understanding comes growth and an ability to relate more genuinely to others.









Lester has been waiting for a break on this scorching summer day to head down to the malt shop, and his girl knows just what he wants. It's always the usual: frothy, delicious and quenching.

She gets right to work, jerking off his soda and scooping up his afternoon delight—all to satisfy his hard-pressed appetite for sweets. She handles his double-dip soda with tender loving care, because shooting whipped cream all day has made her crazy for the stuff he brings.

Pepperm



50¢ & 60¢
SANDWICH
SODAS 10¢







HUSTLER · AUGUST 1978







He laps up his dishful as it melts in his mouth. If the action is this good on the cool marble counter of the soda fountain, the hot vinyl on the backseat of Lester's piston-revving Chevy should be even better.

LARRY KNOWS WHAT YOU WANT

LARRY FLYNT'S HUSTLER CLUB

BACHELOR & BACHELORETTE PARTIES | FULL BAR | PRIVATE COUCH DANCES
THEME ROOMS | CHAMPAGNE LOUNGES | VIP LOUNGE



NEW YORK, NY | SAN FRANCISCO, CA | NEW ORLEANS, LA | DALLAS, TX
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HOUSTON, TX | MIAMI, FL | ATLANTA, GA | PHOENIX, AZ
SAN ANTONIO, TX | AUSTIN, TX | DENVER, CO
CHICAGO, IL | CLEVELAND, OH | INDIANAPOLIS, IN
KANSAS CITY, MO | MINNEAPOLIS, MN
MILWAUKEE, WI | OMAHA, NE
PORTLAND, OR
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WASHINGTON, DC
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Jesus and God decided to come down to earth and play golf. As they approached the fifth tee, Jesus said, "On TV last week I saw Jack Nicklaus use his seven iron on this hole, and the ball landed six inches from the cup." God laughed and good-naturedly called Jesus a duffer.

Jesus teed off with his seven iron, and the ball flew into the lake. He walked out on the water and peered down for his ball. At about this time a drunk staggered onto the course. Looking at Jesus, he exclaimed, "My God, who does that guy think he is—Jesus Christ?"

God, standing nearby, answered, "He knows he's Jesus Christ, but he thinks he's Jack Nicklaus."

The fraternity pledge was amazed to find that part of his initiation involved screwing a woman who appeared to be beautiful in her photograph. The catch was evident when he arrived at her home to find both of her legs amputated up to her crotch. He hesitated to make a move because of her condition, but gave in when she explained that she didn't get nearly enough sex and was really horny.

The woman had him rig up a swing in the archway of the living room. He placed her in the swing and swung her back and forth, impaling her on his pecker with each forward swing until they had climaxed themselves silly. Then he took her down, put her to bed and went home.

The next day he felt so bad for having taken advantage of her condition that he went back to apologize. He was met at the door by her father. "Sir," the pledge began, "I want to apologize. Last night I took advantage of your daughter's loneliness and screwed her."

"So you're the one!" the old man replied. "No need to apologize, son. Every other son of a bitch just leaves her swinging."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *relative humidity* as: when the sweat off your balls runs down the crack of your sister-in-law's ass.

During the cleanup of an old barracks, three Army exterminators were surrounded by thousands of rats. The first one surrendered, the second defected, and the third took a war bride.

An unbelievably snobbish and prudish matron walked into a drugstore and sharply asked the local pharmacist what face cream he would recommend. Irritated by her attitude, the druggist wryly replied, "In your case, madam, I'd suggest Preparation H."

A WASP began telling his Polish friend the latest Polack jokes. After about an hour of this the Polack asked his friend, "Do you know how to speak Polish?"

His friend replied, "No."

"Then," commented the Polish guy, "how does it feel to be dumber than a Polack?"

After killing a large buck, two novice deer-hunters dragged the animal back to their truck by its hind legs. The animal's antlers continually got tangled up in vines, brush and weeds, making their job extremely difficult.

The hunters were within 50 yards of their vehicle when a third hunter met them. "Nice buck," he said, "but it would be a lot easier to move if you fellows dragged it by the antlers."

About an hour later one hunter said to the other, "That fellow was right. Dragging by the antlers is a lot easier."

"Yeah," replied his partner, "but we're getting farther and farther from the truck!"

Joseph and Mary were huddled around the newborn Son of God as the three Wise Men took turns presenting their offerings to the child. Upon standing up after completing his offering, the tallest Wise Man banged his head sharply against the heavy wooden ceiling beam.

"Jesus Christ!" he cried in pain.

"By golly," shouted Joseph. "That *does* sound a lot better than George."

One day Stanley decided to plant some trees. He bought the trees, carefully read the instructions and went to work. He dug a hole, put a tree in it, packed some dirt around

the tree, sprinkled some fertilizer and watered it. Then Stanley went to the next yard and planted another tree.

Bob, his neighbor, watched in astonishment as Stanley went from yard to yard, planting trees. Finally, Bob approached him and asked, "What the hell are you doing?"

Stanley looked at Bob with a puzzled expression. "I was only doing what the instructions said: 'Dig a hole, put tree in it, pack dirt around tree, sprinkle fertilizer, water it and plant them one yard apart!'"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you \$25. Sorry, but we can't return your submissions.

HUSTLER HUMOR



and if you think
that's funny...

CHESTER

BY DWAIN B. TINSLEY

According to government sources, in New York City alone more than 190 persons were treated for rat bites in 1976—and that's just the cases reported. Officials estimate the actual figure is three times higher.



"Go to sleep, little Buckeroo. Everything will be all right."

INTERVIEW

DON EMBINDER

PUBLISHER FOR GAY MEN

BY JOHN BRADY

Donald N. Embinder is tall, athletic, masculine—and gay. In fact, he is one of the most persuasive and powerful gays in the world today. Embinder publishes *Blueboy*, the most successful gay-men's magazine in America—with a monthly circulation of 165,000 and a readership approaching 1 million. And *Blueboy* is growing each month, turning on gay readers with good writing, slick graphics and well-hung centerfolds.

Embinder has broken some publishing rules along the road to success, and in person he shatters the myth that a gay man is effeminate as well. "Except for maybe two percent of the gays, who choose to be obvious," he observes, "it's impossible to tell a gay from a straight." He is a youthful 42, with clean-shaven head and a casual demeanor. As businessmen go, he is not *The Man in the Gay Flannel Suit*: Embinder works coolly at his desk in slacks and open

shirt amid the cluttered sprawl of *Blueboy*'s North Miami offices.

Embinder's pre-*Blueboy* credentials would impress anyone in the straight business world. He has a bachelor's degree in economics from Hunter College, a master's degree in marketing from the Wharton School in Philadelphia, and he has worked as an advertising executive, banker, college instructor and fund-raiser. In 1970 he moved into the world of gay business—and he did well.

Don Embinder directed the design and development of *Lost and Found*, the largest gay disco/restaurant in Washington, D.C. In 1972 he bought out of federal bankruptcy the largest nightclub in downtown Baltimore and turned it into the country's largest gay disco complex: *The Hippopotamus*. A solid year of seven-day weeks and 15-hour days, though, left Embinder weary. He sold out

"for a lot of money" and went to Florida in order to play golf and sell advertising for *After Dark* magazine. But Embinder became annoyed at *After Dark*'s "hypocritical attitude toward gays," so he quit and took over *Blueboy* in 1975 because "I thought it was an idea whose time had come."

The issue of gay rights is one that concerns *Blueboy* deeply. But beyond the serious editorial wars, there are pleasurable benefits as well for the publisher of the country's leading publication for gays. "Is it like a busman's holiday being in this business?" I asked. "Does the publisher of *Blueboy* get laid a lot?"

Embinder paused briefly, then smiled: "I would say, in all honesty, that my sexual experiences rival those of Larry Flynt before his conversion. We just have different tastes."

My questions began at the beginning of those tastes

HUSTLER: Can you recall your own growing-up years and your early awareness of yourself as a gay?

EMBINDER: It really didn't happen in my early years. My childhood was comfortable, middle-class and totally built around athletics in upper Manhattan. If I wasn't playing, I was watching. I used to see three hockey games a weekend, catch a college-basketball doubleheader at night, and if I could work in the Knicks, I would do that too. My youth and really my whole life right through college revolved around athletics. My sexual involvements were totally heterosexual.

It wasn't really until college grad school that I had my first homosexual experience, and I found it a very comfortable one. Then I made an almost total change from a heterosexual life-style to a totally homosexual life-style. I'm not sure this is in any way *traditional*. I think it's probably very uncommon, but it happens to be how it happened to me. I think it also goes along with my basic thinking that the difference between homosexual and heterosexual sexuality has been far overemphasized. I don't think there is that much difference between going to bed with a man and going to bed with a woman. It's been greatly overplayed.

HUSTLER: How so?

EMBINDER: There are minor, mechanical differences. Plumbing differences, obviously. But a sexual experience is a sexual experience. It requires that both partners enjoy it. It requires so many things that have nothing to do with whether there are two breasts up there or whether there is a cock down here. You get into mechanics. Sure, there are

differences, but I don't think they are anywhere as significant as people make them out to be. The overwhelming difference is supplied by society's attitudes.

HUSTLER: Such as?

EMBINDER: One of the myths still current in straight society is that one gay has to be the man and one has to be the woman. Nonsense. You're dealing with two people who may be very equally involved in a sexual situation. There isn't necessarily a giver and a getter, or two givers and two getters, or what have you. It's give and take.

HUSTLER: Don, can you describe for us your first homosexual experience?

EMBINDER: I could, but I won't, because I really don't think it's any of your business. It was simply a sexual experience with a guy instead of a girl—no more, no less. It was comfortable. I enjoyed it.

HUSTLER: To use your analogy, do you think it's better because there are two master plumbers in bed who know their own anatomy more than a woman is likely to?

EMBINDER: Yeah, of course there's that advantage—at least a man going to bed with a man knows what turns him on. Certainly, there are women who know how to turn on a man, and there are men who don't know how to turn on a man. And there are men who know how to turn on a man, and there are men who don't know how to turn on a man. It's really a matter of the sexual sophistication and inventiveness of the individual. It doesn't have a great deal to do with whether it's a gay or a straight sexual relationship.



HUSTLER: Would you say there's a greater intensity to homosexual love than to heterosexual love, and therefore a lover's quarrel might be more intense?

EMBINDER: No, no. When people are in love, they are in love, whether they happen to be a man and a woman, or a man and a man, or a woman and a woman. I don't think there's any particular propensity for violence among gays. People—whether straight or gay—experience feelings at different levels.

HUSTLER: But there is what you, in a *Blueboy* article, called the "fuck bar" for gays in some cities, right?

EMBINDER: Yeah, but that's a totally different situation, where people go to get involved in sexual activity only. You are dealing with a very small percentage of gay bars where this occurs, and they exist mainly in New York City and San Francisco.

HUSTLER: What are these bars like? Have you ever been to one?

EMBINDER: Yeah, I have. I've never really been in the so-called back rooms, but I certainly know what goes on there. Essentially, you go into the back room and have a sexual experience right there on the spot. As simple as that. It isn't my bag. It's wham-bam, thank you, ma'am. It's sex, period. It's anonymous and it's sort of animalistic. But maybe that's part of the turn-on.

There's a certain percentage of the

population that likes that kind of sex. And not just gays. Go into any adult-book store and look at what would not be classified as "normal run of the-mill sex." You will see countless books devoted to fetishes that are totally heterosexual in their orientation. There are always some people who tend to be interested in the kinky stuff, and I don't think it in any way relates to whether you are straight or gay.

HUSTLER: If two guys meet at a gay bar, what happens if one of the guys is kinky and the other is not?

EMBINDER: I don't know. Nobody has ever said to me, "Hey, do you dig big toes?" If somebody is into kinky sex, somewhere in the discussion big toes will come up. What's the use of moving toward a sexual situation in somebody's home where only one of the partners is interested? It's a bore, a waste of time, and it kills the night if sex is the object. So somewhere along the way this is worked out.

HUSTLER: How important is the size of one's penis in the world of the homosexual? In *Blueboy* there's homage to the guy with the big penis.

EMBINDER: How important is it? I don't think there's any homage. Just as a number of straight men are enthralled with the size of a woman's breasts, there are gay men enthralled with the size of a man's penis. It's the same type of thing.

The basic difference is that homosexuals tend to have a far larger penis than heterosexuals. The photography in our book merely reflects that.

HUSTLER: What makes you think that homosexuals have larger penises than straights?

EMBINDER: It's a known medical fact.

HUSTLER: Are you putting me on?

EMBINDER: Yes. [Laughter.]

HUSTLER: Beyond your centerfolds, your typical gay has a standard-size penis for his proportions. Aren't you creating inhibitions and self-doubt in your standard-sized readers? Aren't you feeding a dream with your well-hung centerfolds?

EMBINDER: No, I don't think it's anything nearly as critical as that. There are a lot of straight and gay people concerned with the size of their penis. There are probably hundreds of thousands of men who think their penis should be larger. Our models are used the same way as *HUSTLER*'s. Does Larry Flynt put flat-chested women in *HUSTLER*?

HUSTLER: Who's looking at the chest?

EMBINDER: That's true. [Laughter.]

Still, a woman in a straight men's magazine is likely to have well-sized and good-looking breasts because that's one sexual aspect of a woman. The same is true for our models. Not only are they likely to have large cocks, but they are also likely to have better builds than the norm. They are probably better-looking than the average guy. But that's why they are models: because of their sexual appearance.

HUSTLER: How far can you go with the centerfold? Your models are not fully erect.

EMBINDER: No. My basic feeling is that *Blueboy* should present exciting and attractive models. And if there is to be a sensual or sexual experience between the reader and the model, then as much as possible should be left to the imagination, the sexual-fantasy apparatus, of the reader.

HUSTLER: One fantasy that frightens parents is the image of some "pervert" hanging around playgrounds, trying to get young boys into the backseat of his car.

EMBINDER: Unfortunately, that myth is being reinforced and perpetuated by people like Anita Bryant and her Protect America's Children group. The fact is that the overwhelming majority of child molestations are heterosexual offenses.

Child molestation is *not* a homosexual trait. It is one of the incredibly damaging, totally unfounded myths seized upon by people like Anita Bryant and used for their own political interests.





"I'll bet some of you kids used to think that orange juice was made from oranges."

HUSTLER: What does Anita Bryant have to gain out of all this? It would seem that she stands to lose a lot more than she has gained with her campaign.

EMBINDER: Well, that's the end result. But you are dealing with a woman—and her immediate group of advisers—who all have very real political aspirations. Coalescing around Anita Bryant are the same people, the same bigots, the same thinkers who hated Jews 40 years ago. When that no longer became politically viable, they hated blacks. And when that no longer became politically viable, they hated homosexuals. It's the same continuum. You are dealing with the same people who, for their own political and economic ends (and probably as a means of dealing with their own personal problems), *have* to find a group of people that they can look on as subversive, less good, less religious than themselves. A homosexual is no threat to a confident heterosexual. Homosexuality is a different life-style. It's only threatening to a person who is *not* confident about his own sexuality. The anti-gay leaders, the homophobes, the aggressive haters of homosexuals are, I would guess, people who have very severe sexual problems of their own.

HUSTLER: You think that Anita Bryant's posturing is based upon that?

EMBINDER: I don't know that much about Anita Bryant. I would guess that

it plays a part, but I think this is really a group motivated by political and economic aspirations—and the need or desire to *hate* as a means of gathering that political power.

HUSTLER: What does Anita Bryant have to gain politically?

EMBINDER: Anita Bryant and her crew very quickly became a national political force by seizing on this particular issue. Two years ago who would have listened if Anita Bryant had gone to Dallas and become involved in the political process there? On what basis? From doing orange-juice commercials? Now, though, she has developed some political stature, as have the people surrounding her.

HUSTLER: But what about the religious argument? I think Anita Bryant is a woman of sincere religious beliefs, don't you?

EMBINDER: Well, it seems basic to the fundamentalist religions that they have to denigrate some group of people. If you go back to the original Judeo-Christian precepts, heterosexuality was promoted and undergirded from a religious standpoint in biblical times because of the importance and necessity of doing everything supportive to ensure propagation of the race. *People had to multiply*. Today, certainly, a much stronger case could be made for the religions of the world supporting a homosexual life-

style—because today we are faced with *over*-population, not *under*-population.

HUSTLER: Most people learn their religion at an early age, before they form sexual feelings. Isn't there a *strong* feeling of religious conflict in a man who senses he is gay, but who belongs to a religion that makes the practice taboo?

EMBINDER: I think maybe there are more gays turned off by religion just because of this very conflict. Many religions have made themselves inhospitable to gay people. They have not accepted gay people and have suggested that gays—in spite of how honest, honorable and moral they may be—are still religious outsiders. I believe that, ironically enough, homosexuality is probably as prevalent in religious orders as it is in interior design and hairstyling.

HUSTLER: Are you saying that the vow of sexual abstinence in some orders is accompanied by homosexuality?

EMBINDER: Well, it gets over the problem of people asking, "How come you're 35 years old and not married, Bud?"

HUSTLER: So you become a priest?

EMBINDER: Or what have you. It certainly doesn't prevent you from rising in the hierarchy. If you are working for General Motors, are 35 and single, somebody's going to say, "What's the story here?" But if you want to move from priest to archbishop to pope, being single isn't considered a problem.

HUSTLER: Lately there has been publicity about gay ministers, a gay church and gay marriages. What is your attitude toward these religious trappings and ceremonies in the gay world?

EMBINDER: I think a gay church is fine for people who enjoy it. Gay marriages? I'm really not positive about the formal codification of love. The idea that people should share a life together because they love each other is a very positive one, but I'm not sure I understand the need for or the desirability of the legal or religious ceremony. To me it's meaningless, but if it's important to the people involved, fine. If it had some tax benefits, on the other hand (which I don't think it does), that might change my viewpoint totally.

HUSTLER: Are you familiar with a book-length manuscript called *Jesus Christ, Homosexual*, by Dr. Gary Michael?

EMBINDER: No, I'm not.

HUSTLER: Michael, a Denver artist, author and ordained minister, argues in scholarly terms that Christ was gay. He's written a paper pointing out that Christ surrounded himself with males, encountered women awkwardly and seldom, was ambivalent toward the



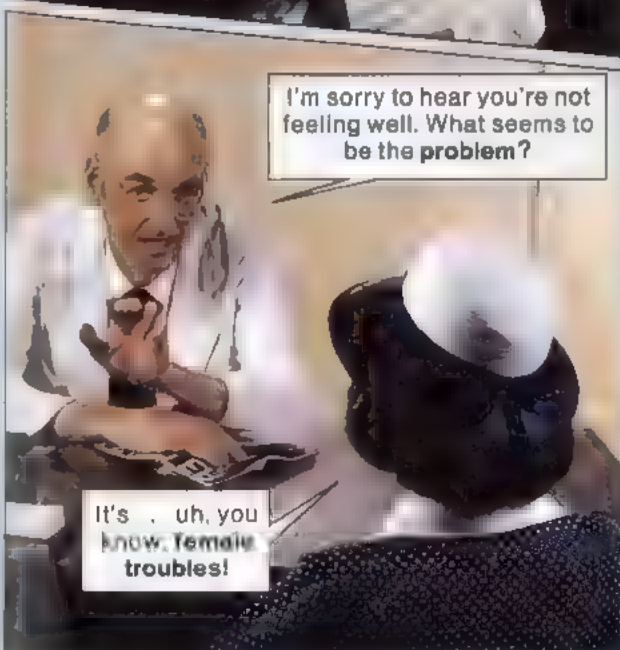
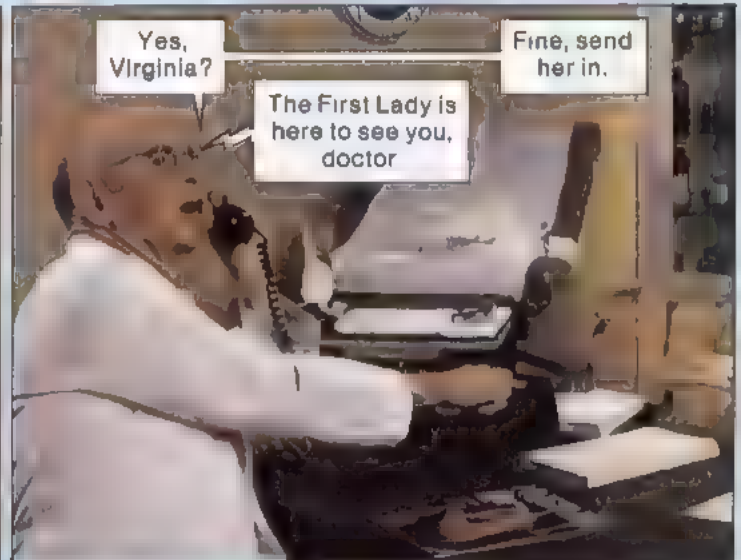
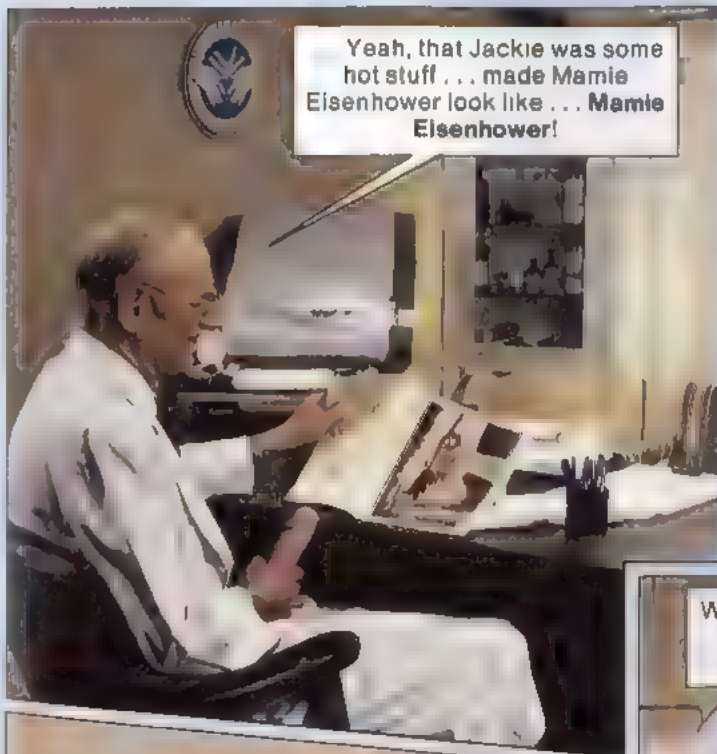
"This corner isn't big enough for the both of us, McGee!"

(continued on page 76)



THE WHITE HOUSE GYNECOLOGIST

Ever wonder where the First Lady goes when she's suffering from hot flashes or a strange discharge? She just pays a visit to the White House Gynecologist!



No need to be shy. I've examined every First Lady since Bess Truman. **Boy**, was she ever a sight with her feet in stirrups?! And I guarantee you complete discretion.

All right I suppose I'm being silly



Must I take off everything?

No, I just need access to your . . . uh, whatchamacallit.

My tee-tee?

Yes, of course, your tee-tee!

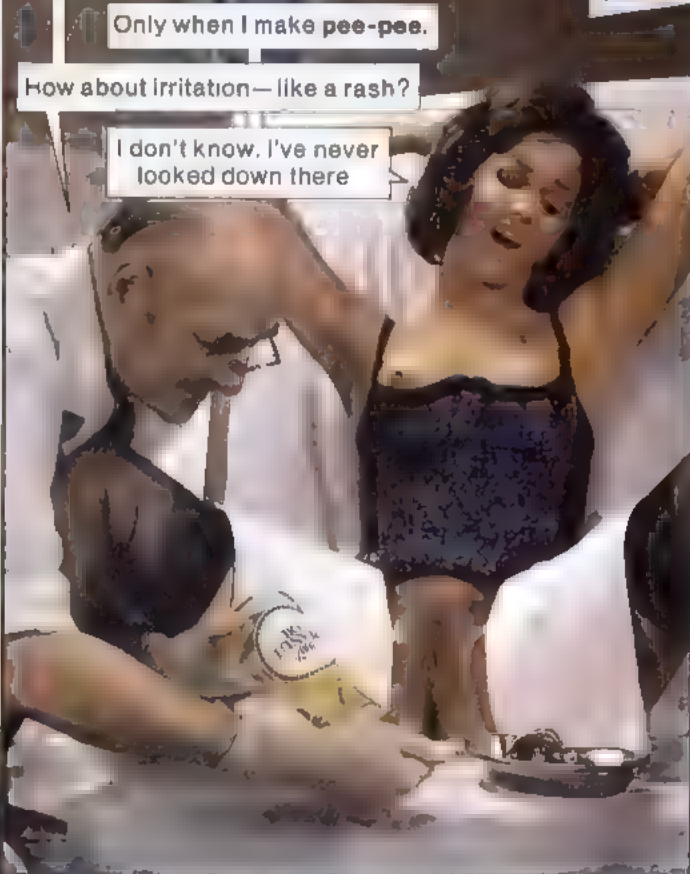


Have you had any discharge or strange odors?

Only when I make pee-pee.

How about irritation—like a rash?

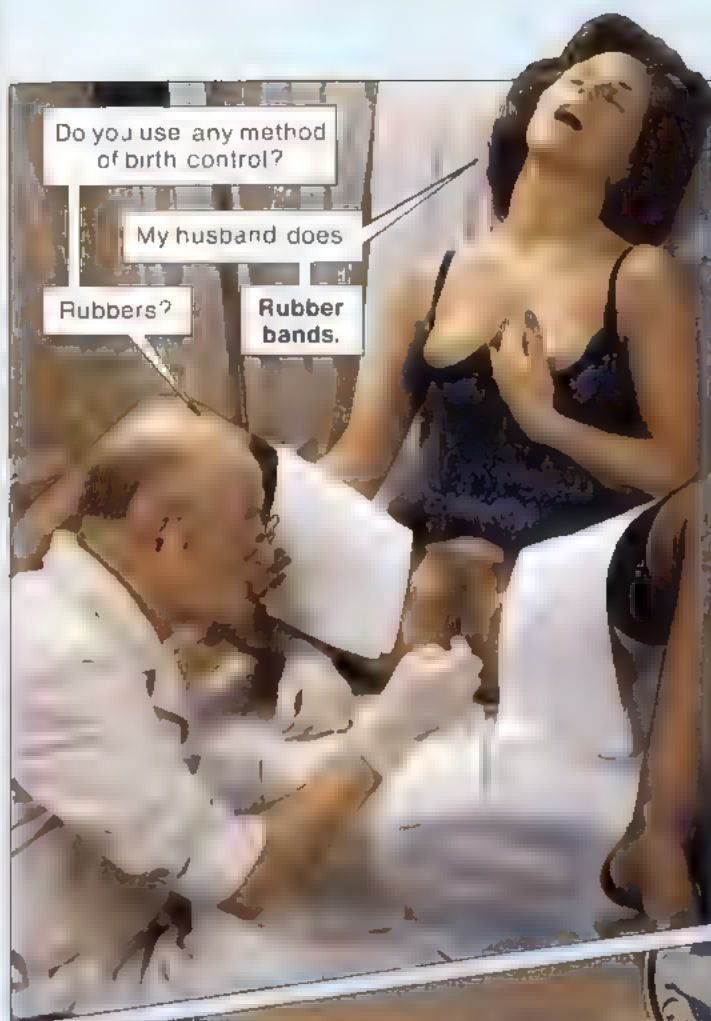
I don't know. I've never looked down there



I feel a wire. Do you have an IUD?

No, that's part of my rape alarm.





Do you use any method of birth control?

My husband does

Rubbers?

Rubber bands.



Aaaahh'!

What s this?

It sounds familiar!

CRUNCH!

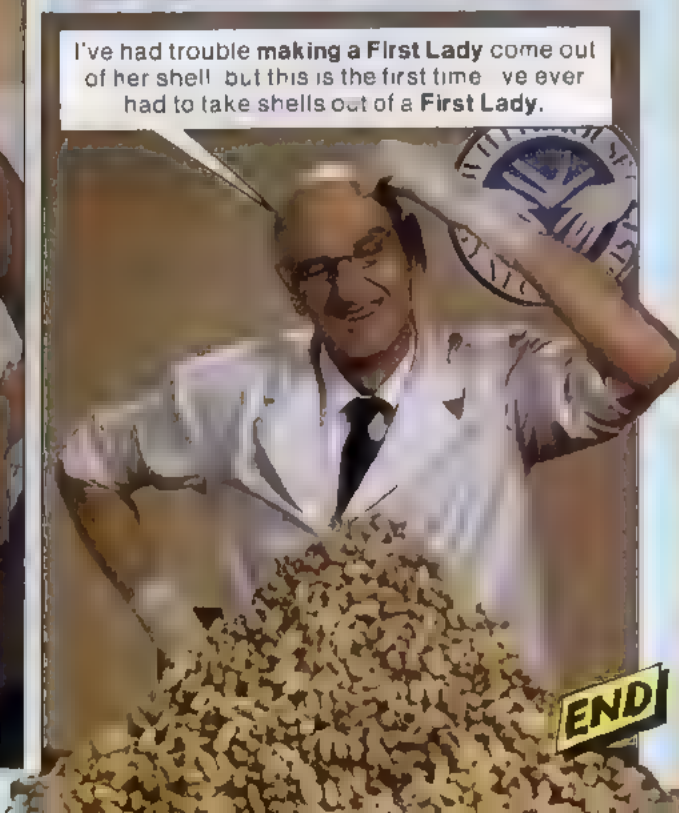


I think I've found your problem
You're congested

Is it serious?

No, you're not the first woman to suffer from **Goober Glut.**

I've had trouble making a **First Lady** come out of her shell, but this is the first time we've ever had to take shells out of a **First Lady.**



END!

INTERVIEW: DON EMBINDER

(continued from page 72)

institution of marriage and never repeated the emphatic and unequivocal Old Testament condemnation of homosexuality, though he had several opportunities to do so. What do you think of this thesis?

EMBINDER: I don't find it so extraordinary. I don't find it hard in my own mind to accept the fact that Jesus certainly could have been a homosexual, because I don't see where his sexuality in any way either enhances or detracts from his force as a religious and philosophical leader. What I really don't see is its importance.

HUSTLER: Don't you think it would be supportive for gays to have Jesus on their side of the sexual fence?

EMBINDER: Oh, sure. If somebody were to prove that Christ had been gay, it would cause a lot of people to rethink their attitudes about gay people. But I don't think such a revelation is likely to happen. What might even make greater immediate impact on the world would be for the enormous number of gay men who are outstanding political leaders, athletes and achievers to come forward and admit their homosexuality.

HUSTLER: Do you know any gay politicians?

EMBINDER: Sure.

HUSTLER: Gay athletes?

EMBINDER: Sure. Religious leaders too. I know it for a fact.

HUSTLER: Are they names that you can name?

EMBINDER: Of course, because I know them. I won't, though, because we are dealing with a society that will ruin their careers. What would happen to the political or athletic careers of these people?

HUSTLER: Don't you think it would be positive for them to admit to their predispositions?

EMBINDER: It would be great. It would totally destroy the typical straight person's idea of what a homosexual is all about. If these people would step forward and identify themselves, it would do more than legislation or anything else could possibly do. It would be a most important event that could have enormous implications about the future of gay people in this country.

But it's something they have to do. It's something I can't force upon them, because it has such severe implications in terms of their careers. You could certainly staff a great professional football or basketball team with homosexuals—and I am talking about first-rate teams in those sports. Or in any other sport. And the belief that gays are less dynamic in business or less skilled as athletes is just mythology.

HUSTLER: In view of the many athletes who are gay, is it like laughter and tears? Is there a very fine line between the person who is macho and the person who is gay?

EMBINDER: There is more of an open sexuality in professional sports, which is attractive to gays. The football field is one of the few places where guys can publicly grab each other's ass. And there are other features that make sports attractive as a way of life for gays. It's a performance, a little bit of theater. And the open camaraderie of a man for another man is really acceptable publicly on the sports field. But no, I don't think there is a thin line between macho and gay. You are simply dealing with a certain percentage of the male population—thus, a certain percentage of the National Football League and so forth.

HUSTLER: What percentage?

EMBINDER: My guess is that, if you include all the people who are married and leading at least partially homosexual life-styles, you are dealing with a figure as high as 20 percent. Kinsey reported something like 13 percent leading predominantly homosexual life-styles for at least three years of their adult life, and that report's 30 years old. And there certainly is only one direction the trend has taken—up!

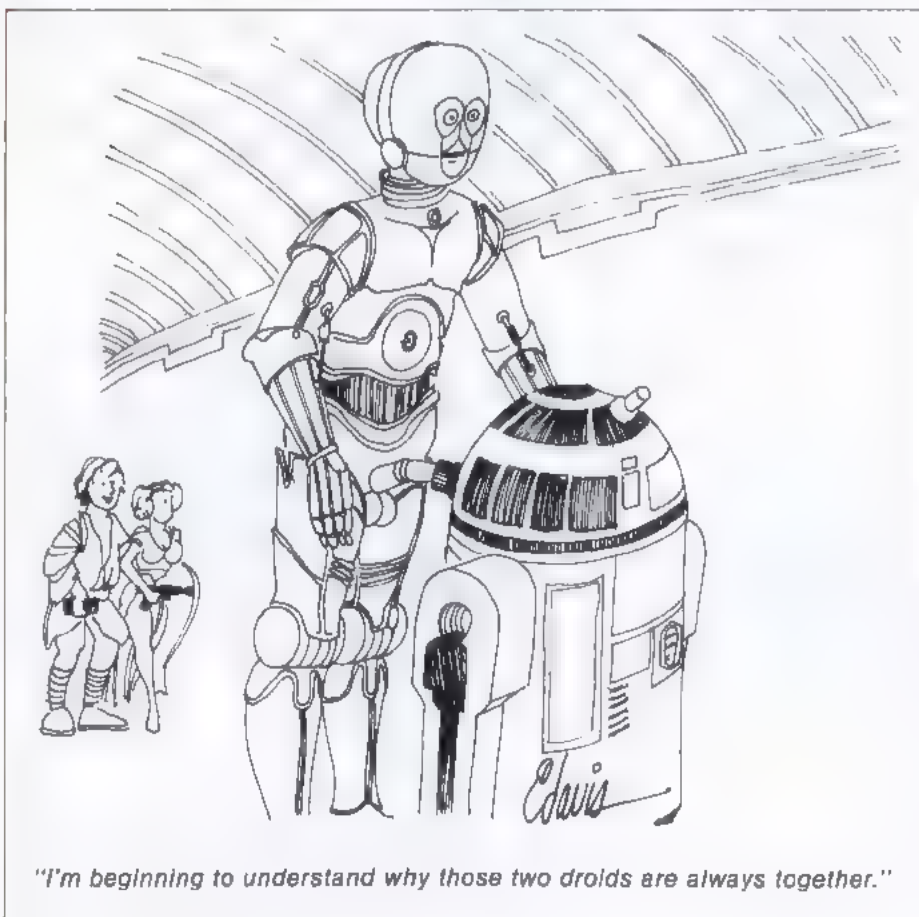
HUSTLER: Do gays help other gays get ahead in the business world?

EMBINDER: Ironically, it's often the reverse. It's tough for us here at *Blueboy*, for instance, to sell advertising if the advertising decision-maker happens to be gay and closeted. In all likelihood that would be the worst possible position for *Blueboy* to be in, since we'd get a reverse reaction out of his self-defense. He'd be afraid of being fired.

HUSTLER: What are some of the problems that gays face in a day-to-day sense?

EMBINDER: There's really only one problem that gay people are faced with: They don't have the full share of civil rights that every other person in this country has. There is no other minority in this country that is faced with the possibility of losing jobs because of its sexual preferences. You are dealing also with housing discrimination and a variety of other discriminatory practices because of sexual preference. It makes no sense that anyone, whether straight or gay, should suffer loss of civil rights because of what is done in the bedroom in private between consenting adults. Gays can lose their housing if discovered—or a job. What we are talking about here is the real possibility of a person losing his potential to earn a living. What an incredible thing that is!

(continued on page 86)





"If my instincts are correct, this maniac will strike again—and soon."

Stirring It Up














She's been ashamed of the way their place looks, and he's been promising to paint it but never comes through. Now they're making a joint venture out of it.

It gets hot while painting, so stripping down is in order. Of course, this makes him want to dip his brush and get it thoroughly saturated before working his way carefully into each little crack. All this smearing around has made her pretty wet, so she sits back and lets him take over. Soon his back-and-forth brush strokes become almost rhythmical.

By the end of the day they've worked themselves down to the floor, and the place still isn't painted. But, they figure, the job is so much fun that they can start again tomorrow.





(continued from page 76)

HUSTLER: What sort of mail do you get? What problems do your readers have in this area of discrimination?

EMBINDER: There are enormous numbers of individual circumstances. Consider James Gaylord of Tacoma, Washington, who lost his teaching position in 1972 after an unblemished record of 13 years as a highly successful instructor. Somebody mentioned that he was a homosexual, and he lost his job. He never approached anybody; he never became involved in a sexual situation with anybody. Simply the fact that he was a homosexual allowed him to lose his job. The Supreme Court of the state of Washington upheld that decision [*Gaylord v. Tacoma School District*, February 1977]. The Supreme Court of the United States refused to hear the decision [October 1977], and consequently acceded to the fact that it was just fine. Just incredible. Everything else stems from that. I don't think homosexuals or anybody ought to be given any special benefits; they should be as equal as anybody else.

HUSTLER: Certain cities—such as San Francisco—are known as gay cities because they have a large percentage of homosexuals among their populace. What accounts for this?

EMBINDER: First, gay people tend to be urban-oriented. A city is much more anonymous, and a gay can lead a private life-style. It can be extraordinarily difficult in a small town for a gay person to survive and keep his head in any kind of shape. Second, if a gay wants to travel, he can. He doesn't worry about baby-sitters for the children. He doesn't worry about whether or not his wife wants to travel. As a result, gay people are able to select the most attractive cities in the country, and San Francisco is one of the great places to live.

HUSTLER: If you had to name some of the gathering places where gays can lead a comfortable life, what would you say they are?

EMBINDER: I could say Fire Island, certainly San Francisco, New York City, Washington, D.C., and southern Florida. But I think most major cities—Minneapolis, Chicago, certain areas of New Orleans—all have significant gay populations. Interestingly enough, like many other minorities, gay people tend to ghettoize, although usually in the most exclusive areas of a city.

HUSTLER: Don't gays have a recognized talent for redecorating, hence they rehabilitate and rebuild old houses?

EMBINDER: In my opinion, the one thing that straight people do admire about gays is that they are more creative, because homosexuals tend to be

more visible in the creative professions. Certainly, in the fields of interior design, architecture, graphic design and fashion you have a high percentage of gay people involved. I believe two key factors determine this. One, the gay is already living a life-style that's different from the "norm," and consequently he is more receptive to change, to new ideas. He's not so tradition-bound. Second, these creative fields often put off the straight guy because they don't seem masculine enough, according to society's norm... even though the straight may be creative in the field. When a straight young man is thinking about his vocational aims in high school, he might love to become involved in interior design, yet feel that there is a stigma attached to the profession. It's similar with hairdressing or fashion design. Straight men stay away because they feel that their masculinity would be diminished.

HUSTLER: Is there anything in the homosexual experience commensurate with parenting?

EMBINDER: Only to a very limited degree. There are some unique situations in which lovers, especially lesbian women, have been allowed to raise children. [Editor's Note: A well-known example is Mary Jo Risher, who has written a book on the topic.] Obviously, there are a great number of gay people who are married and raising families, but in a strictly homosexual society parenting is practically nonexistent.

HUSTLER: Do you feel any personal sense of loss for not being a parent?

EMBINDER: It would be nice to raise a couple of kids. I think I would enjoy the experience. I taught for a number of years and enjoyed the work. Until the age of 25 or so I was actively involved in coaching and camping, which gave me a great deal of satisfaction. It was fun. I got a great deal of enjoyment out of teaching kids to play ball. But raising children means a lack of freedom and personal choice, too, and there are personal fulfillments that not having a family enables you to achieve. There are always trade-offs in any arrangement.

Blueboy, for instance, was an enormous risk. Not having family responsibilities gave me the freedom to take that chance. Likewise, five years ago, when I sold my discos up north, I didn't have to talk to anybody but my lover. "Let's go to Florida," I said. "That's where I'd like to live." We did it. I didn't have to make sure I had a job before I got down here, as it would have been with that married-with-kids stuff. Homosexuality is a more portable life. You have a better chance of living in an environment that you want to live in. In fact, the one big

(continued on page 121)





"Wow! You shoulda seen the tits on that one!"





It's You!

Fiction by
Theodore Sturgeon

"It's you!"

It wasn't the hair that made him cry out like that, though God knows California's enough to turn anyone into a hair freak these days; well, she was enough by herself with that silken waterfall of coppery-canary to freak you, and it wasn't that or the crinkle-cornered arch on arch of the eye and brow or the perfect teeth, not by themselves. It wasn't even the absolute confidence with which she wore the see-through skirt through which he saw the absolute confidence of her breasts, or even that she was exactly tall enough and round enough. More than anything else, it was that she was real.

Everybody does this thing, although some cats know it more than others: you see chicks, you see pix, you add and subtract and over the years things settle in—just so big, just so dark, just so—just exactly so until it's all finished. Then that finished thing, that her, settles down inside you and every time you see someone, or in a magazine, or at the show, you set it up against her. It could be great, you could get excited, you could dream a lot about any of the others, but somehow they never, never check out with the her you've made.

So when he saw her he yelled it out. It came out of him and he hadn't known he was going

to say it, it hit him that hard. Maybe that's how you know—it bursts out of you without a thought.

He'd just parked the Monster and was half in, half out when he saw her. She was hitchhiking with a girlfriend—they do that a lot in California. He was never able to remember much about that girlfriend, Susie or Dottie or something. Maybe he never saw her, much. There was this truck parked off the road with berries and corn-on-the-cob and tomatoes and stuff, and he liked corn and that was why he stopped. He walked over to the two girls and pointed at the Monster and said, "I'll be right with you." They smiled at him and looked him over, and at each other, checking him out, and then said Thanks and went over to the car. Something developed fists inside his chest and began hitting him from inside so hard he blinked with each beat. He went over to the truck and bought corn, a couple of ears. He lived by himself.

But before he picked it up he went back to the Monster. They'd got themselves somehow into the one bucket seat. He asked her, "Do you like corn?" She said she did. He went back and got a couple more and some tomatoes and a cantaloupe, and then he saw the stocks, long clusters of white and purple flowers with a heavy scent that nobody's ever put in a bottle yet. He bought one white

bunch and one purple and mixed them together right there into one big bunch, and he had never done anything like that in his life before.

They went first to the girlfriend's house. Without remembering the girlfriend much, he long remembered the thick waves of disapproval she set up when she got out and the other one, *her*, didn't. It made him laugh when he pulled away from the curb and they were alone together, and he met her eyes and she was laughing too.

She lived in Altadena, which was a hell of a haul away from where he lived, but he didn't mind. Oh, he didn't mind. She lived in a little two-room guest house the other side of a swimming pool; the people in the big house hardly ever used it. It had its own little driveway. It was nice. She said she would cook the corn for him. She did, with some lamb chops she had in the freezer, and they ate the cantaloupe with vanilla ice cream on it and a pinch of dry instant coffee sprinkled on it. She could cook. You could tell. There were more than forty herbs and spices in the kitchen. She made up a name for him, Knightly. She said he looked like a knight in shining armor. He never did call her by her name, except sometimes Hon.

It was one of those hot smoggy California evenings and the pool looked good, but he didn't have a suit. She

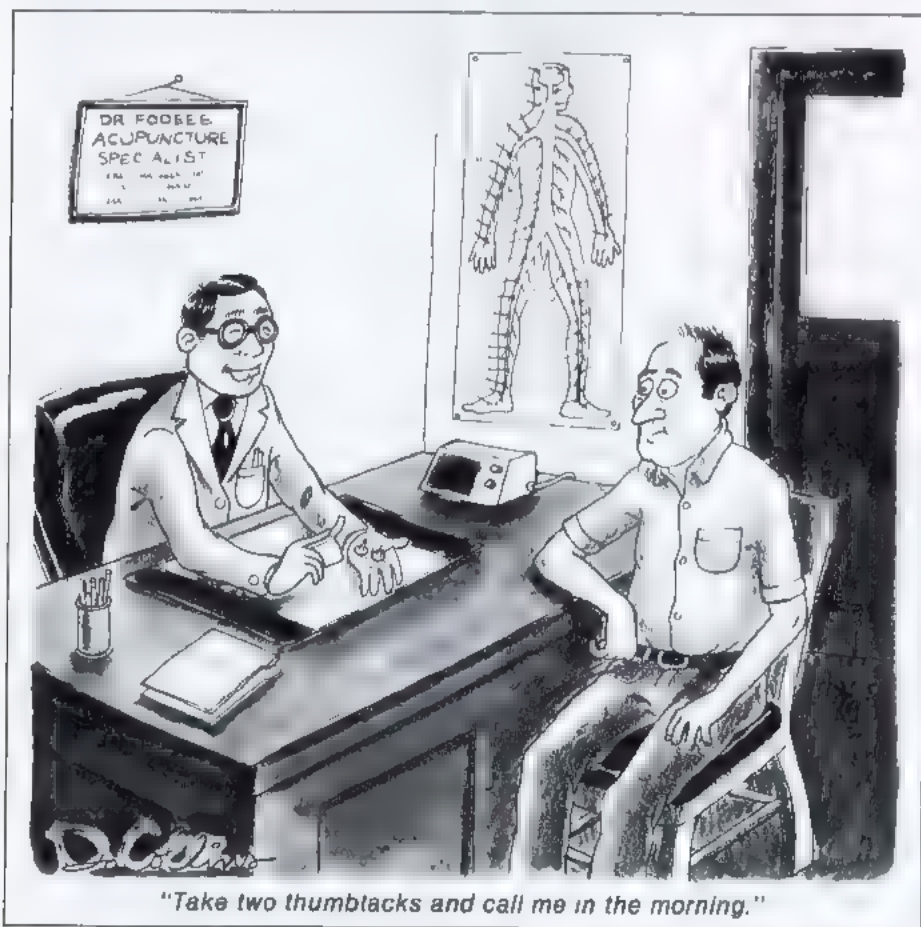
laughed at him and said who needs it? When she peeled off the see-through top he saw it wasn't a see-through at all, no more than a stained-glass window is a see-through when you want to look at the sun. There can't be a more perfect body than that one, not anywhere, not only for the perfection of each part, but for the absolute rightness of a breast like that with a shoulder like that, and a waist that turned just so together with such slender ankles. Also, all her hair was that same yellowy-coppery color and there wasn't a flaw on her skin anywhere.

They fell into the pool and laughed a lot, and you are not going to believe this easily but it's true: there was something about the way she did it all, something about the way she was, that made him not touch her then. They dried off on some of a mountain of thick clean towels she had and got dressed again and he never made the first pass. Maybe it was because passes often get made because a guy just has to find out where it's at, and in this case he knew where it was at. They both knew. It happened later, much later, about two in the morning, after which (it was pretty wonderful) she said softly, "Knightly-night" and fell asleep in his arms. He didn't go home until Saturday.

On the way back to his place he stopped at a Rents and hired a 6-by-10 trailer. They had a hell of a job rigging a hitch for it on the Monster without bashing those beautiful chrome pipes, and it took a half hour to figure a way to get the big right-hand rearview mounted, and when he took off he was one hell of a sight. It was like a race-horse hitched to a manure spreader and people all over stopped in their tracks to watch him go by, and he was sure that one sideswipe on the freeway was caused by some yokel rubbernecking him. At his place he loaded on everything he owned, which wasn't really too much. He was paid till the end of the month but screw it. He took it all out to the guest house in Altadena.

She was supposed to clear out the second room for him but when he got there she had rearranged the whole house so that there was a real living room and a real bedroom instead of the overlap she'd had before. There was plenty of room in the closet for his clothes—more than he needed—but she'd fixed up everything else so perfectly that there was really no place to put anything of his, and anyway, who needed it? It was an Our House.

He was on Emergency then, which had always suited him fine. He was one of those lucky people who went to sleep bang whenever he felt tired, and could





wake up—all the way up—in twenty minutes or two hours or ten, whatever was handy, and any part of the twenty-four was all right with him. She was a day people, however, and midnight was late to her always, and 8 a.m. was late too. She liked to be up before seven. He adjusted to that pretty well, and also learned not to talk when she was going through the complicated secret ritual of getting to sleep. Some people are like that. They have to do whatever it is they do to get to sleep, everything in the right order and skipping none of it, and if you interrupt, they have to go back to the beginning and start over. She wouldn't sleep late, not ever, so when he'd kept her up late she looked drawn and kind of sad all the next day and evening. He also found out she would go to sleep almost instantly after sex, when it was good, and it was almost always good. But the whole sleep thing was hard to handle while he was on Emergency and would get calls at two and three in the morning and get out and not know when he'd be back. She was sweet about it—she was sweet about everything—but after awhile he put in for the day shift. It meant a little less money, but what the hell.

He quit going to Mother's, which believe it or not is a chain of pool halls in the L.A. area. Nobody said he couldn't, but pool or snooker just wasn't

her thing, and when he played, with her sitting patiently smiling in the front of the place and waiting for him to get done, it wasn't the same. She was nice as could be to Scruffy and Ralph and Rod and the rest, and even the Binker, even though she didn't dig him. Well, you had to know the Binker. And the way she did it was great, warm and lively with all of them, but there was never any doubt as to whose girl she was and meant to be. But . . . it wasn't the same, and pretty soon he went less and less and didn't see the herd at Mother's anymore. Likewise the hangarounds at Butch's Aircooled, except when something on the Monster needed fixing, which wasn't often. Once when he went down for new connectors on his tach he found himself taking an hour instead of ten minutes to put them in, and driving away he felt a single wild strong tug inside him that he just couldn't understand. Well, they were just a bunch of greasy cats who couldn't talk or think anything but chops and cams and pots and mags and slicks, but . . .

In the first couple of days she gave him a medallion on a chain around his neck, a funny little twist of silver with a flat piece of fire opal on it, and he wore it night and day. For a long time he wore it swinging outside and was glad to say "My chick" whenever someone asked about it.

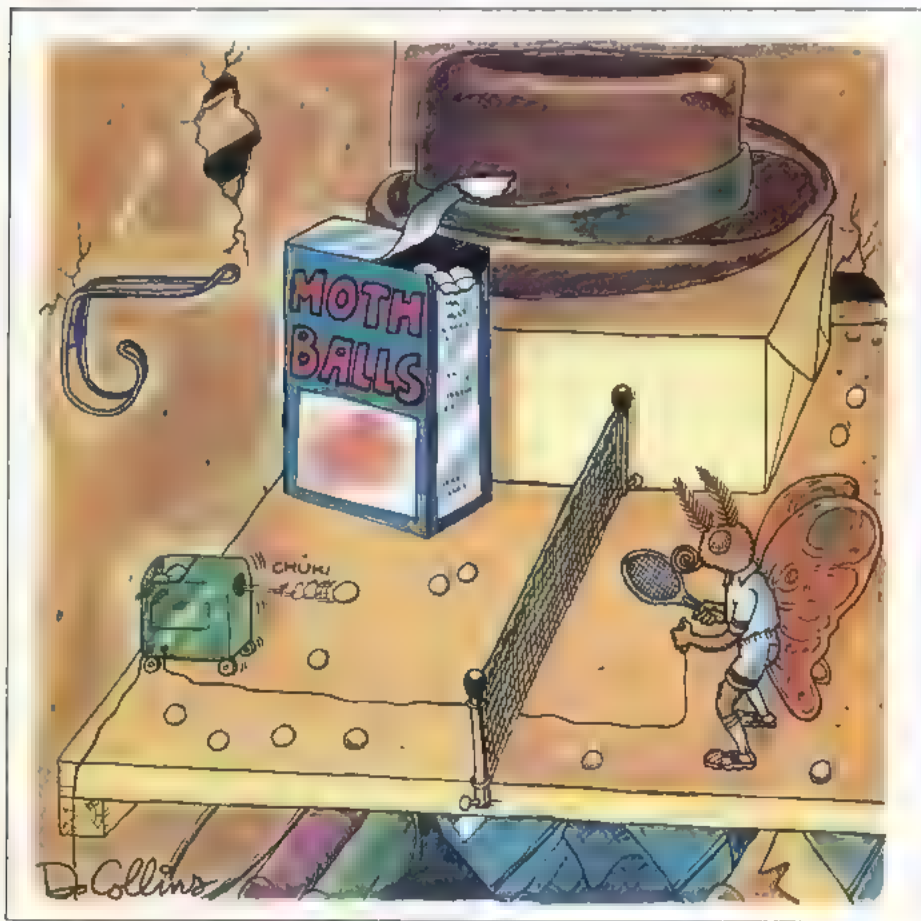
His subscriptions to *Car and Driver* and *Road and Track* got screwed up somehow and six weeks went by and he didn't even miss them. You have to know him to know what that really meant. He was very content. He'd tell her that every once in a while just to see her light up. He told himself that too. He bought the magazines at the newsstand and when the next issues came out she threw away the old ones. He was a little shook, and although he didn't say anything, he kept the magazines at work after that.

One morning the alarm went off and he rolled out and fumbled for his clothes and they felt different. Instead of the black tight cords and the Western shirt with the rawhide on the pockets, there were a pair of black jeans, real tailored, with slight bell-bottoms and a dark dull kind of paisley print shirt with a scarf and ring attached to it. They were really cool and he liked them, but he said hell, he couldn't go to work in them, he'd look like a peacock. She lay in the bed watching him with a say-you-like-them, pent-up joy on her face. She'd made them herself secretly whenever she could snatch the time when he wasn't around, and kept hiding the pieces before he came back until they were all done. So he said what she wanted to hear and he did wear them to work that once, although he wore the medallion inside his shirt instead of outside. Sure enough the crew gave him a rough time about it and when he came home he said he'd save the bells and the paisley for parties; they were too good to risk at work.

And he got to the trash before they collected it and found his black cords and Western shirt and put them away in the garage in a box with the rest of his stuff still out there. He never knew why and nobody asked him, but he wore the medallion inside his shirt after that.

She made him three more pairs of pants and two more shirts, and they were really great, but for parties. They'd go to parties, people she'd known a long time. They were okay parties. He never liked drinking much but he'd drink a little sometimes and like it a little, and he could take pot or leave it alone. Only sometimes after a party where he had laughed a lot, he would leave with a strange feeling that he had just crossed a desert. It could be full of people but there just wasn't anybody to talk to. One time he parked outside one of the parties and there in the dark under a tree was a silver Excalibur. He always said an Excalibur was a piece of candy, but secretly he thought it was a whole big heap of wheels, and if anybody ever

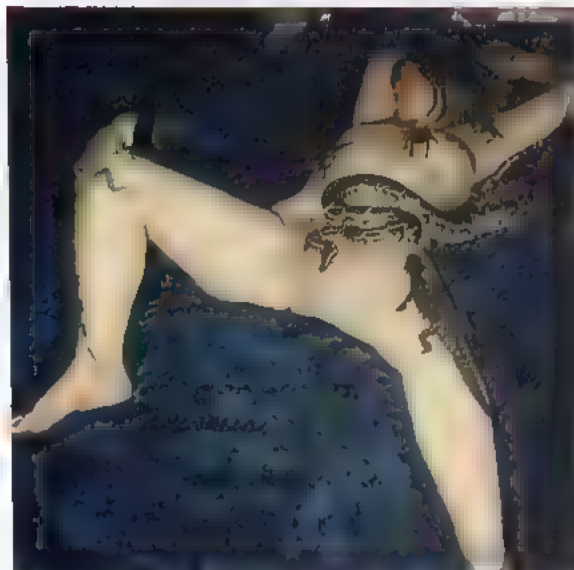
(continued on page 123)



BEAVER HUNT

To enter, send sharply focused color photos (no black and whites) of men, women, couples or any combination to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Everyone who enters will receive a HUSTLER Beaver Hunter's License, and if your submission is published, we'll send the model or photographer \$50. All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Beavers chosen as best amateur by our staff may be asked to appear in a HUSTLER photo-feature and can earn up to \$1,000. All entries must be accompanied by a signed model release like the one on page 98.

Elizabeth Graham is a 25-year-old student of love from Chicago. She likes to please her husband, she says, by making love to him on public beaches. We're sure he's pleased to do it anywhere.



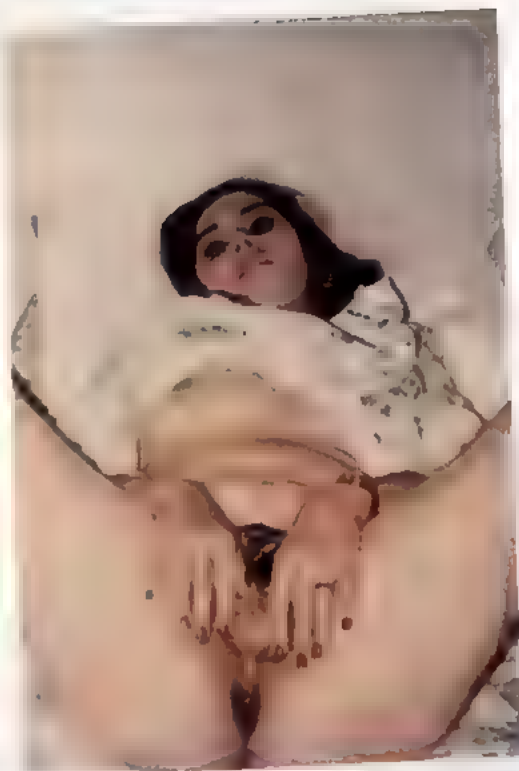
Photos by Jay Pitsinger



Lizards and snakes and tarantulas, oh my! Cyndi Pitsinger maintains a veritable zoo of loathsome varmints on her skin, but they don't strike fear into her folds of flesh. As a result, this 23-year-old housewife from Dayton, Ohio, finds herself featured in *Beaver Hunt*. Leapin' lizards aren't the only things that get Cyndi off—she likes bowling and swinging. Her favorite fantasy is to have two or three guys at once. Cyndi, no doubt, is the kind of girl who's popular with all creatures.



Photo by W. H.



Susy Magro is a 24-year-old housewife from Monterrey, Mexico, who enjoys swimming, tennis and squash. She dreams of "one large orgy" in which three men simultaneously penetrate her in front of her husband. Afterward she would rest peacefully.

Frieda Miller, a salesgirl and mother of four from Philadelphia, felt that being in *Beaver Hunt* would show everyone she's still a sex symbol at age 43. Our hot momma enjoys sex any hour of any day and never tires of it.



Photo by Karl Kiehn

Photo by Maurice Wesson



Gloria Lucas, a 35-year-old from Kansas City, Missouri, is a plumber (honestly) and surely many guys with clogged pipes would like her to make a house call. Gloria digs music, and dreams of having sex under erotic mirrors and lights.



This lady claims that making stained glass is her hobby, and we can imagine what she uses for stain. Twenty-four-year-old Eve Gray, from the Windy City, has more on her mind than hobbies though. She wants to make a porn movie with her husband.

Photo by W H

Photo by Fitz

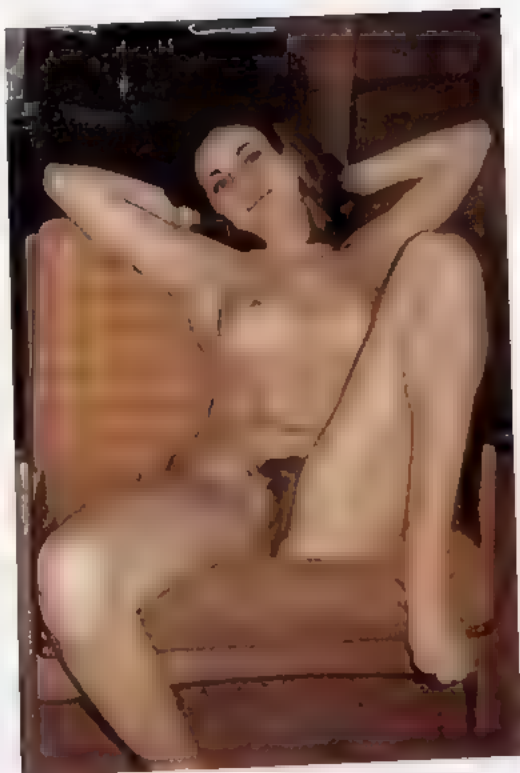
"Like the key to the door, it's warm and deep and moist and meant for men," says 29-year-old Gill Aris. We don't doubt the girl from Islington, Ontario. After all, she works as a systems analyst.



Photo by Terry Sentonaris



Randy, 23, and Denise, 18, from Southern California, are frequent sunbathers at local nude beaches. Both enjoy turning the lights off while balling in the kitchen and pretending to be prehistoric lovers!



Karen O. digs camping, reading and uninhibited sex. A 28-year-old hairdresser from Haskell, New Jersey, she fantasizes about being a high-priced call girl.

Twenty-year-old Bella Slay is a native Parisian who is currently studying in Chicago and teaching French. Adept at all aspects of her culture, she "yearns to teach American men the ways of French lovemaking." When they don't learn fast enough, she goes off by herself to ride her bicycle.



Photo by Jim O



Photo by P Smith

His Royal Highness Prince Cuostophelus, our first regal Beaver, is a 5-year-old sexual despot that's gained a reputation (in Tucson) as the Idi Amin of back alleys. His hobbies are bullying and masturbating, and he regularly fantasizes about getting hold of new pussy every night without having to scratch ass for it.



Photo by Cliff

An assistant funeral director from Philadelphia, puckering Beaver Zacariah Lexington, 24, likes skiing, sewing, jogging and men. Her fantasy is climaxing with an electric egg vibrator while looking at big-busted cartoon caricatures.

Photo by Debra Yates

L. B., a New York City housewife of 36, enjoys everyday domestic pleasures like cooking, sewing and sex. She'll have to come up with a new fantasy, since we've fulfilled her old one: appearing nude in HUSTLER.

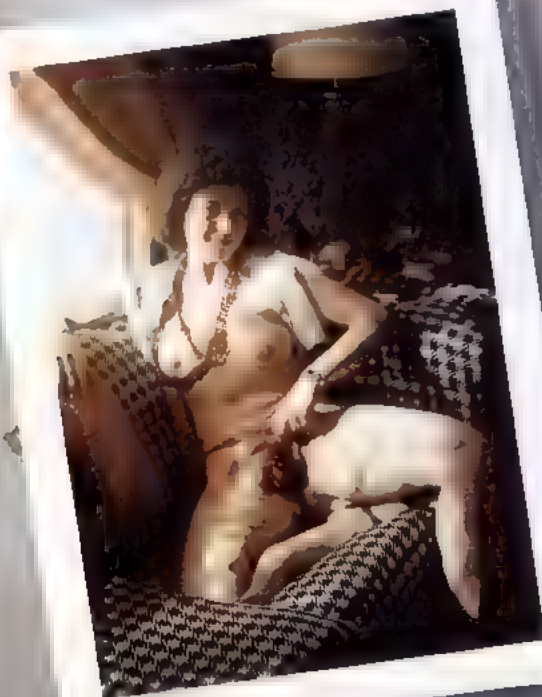


Photo by Tom



Russ Yates, a 25-year-old Bostonian, is a motorcycle mechanic and all-purpose leather freak. His hobbies are going to adult movies and riding bikes and women. Ride on Russ!

LOOKING FOR MR. GOOBER

(continued from page 42)

Best Western motel in Americus.

I was struck by the general cordiality and politeness surrounding the "noes" I got and the *friendliness of everyone*. People, black and white alike, would nod to you from car to car when stopped at a light, or wave from the sidewalk. Why? Simply because you were looking at them. It may be superficial, but there is a natural grace to Southerners. This was a nice slice of culture-shock to someone coming from New York. (If you nod and wave to people on the street in the City, they think you're a candidate for the loony bin.)

BILLY CARTER SAYS STAY AT THE

HUSTLER

BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 93). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Model's Name _____

Address _____

Date of Birth _____

Phone (include area code) _____

Photographer _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

(include separate sheet if necessary)

Send prize to _____

Model Other

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature _____

BEST WESTERN read a huge sign in the motel manager's office. The manager said the motel hadn't been used as a press headquarters in four months. He supplied me with some names and phone numbers at the Secret Service compound; I'd talked to those guys the night before.

Instead of trying to get my hair parted again, I explored Sumter County. I drove past dozens of churches (such as the Primitive Baptist), black bars (The Soul City Club), restaurants (Catfish. All You Can Eat, \$3.49) and down red-clay roads into the bowels of the county—past farms with shanties, and an occasional ranch-style home with a swimming pool. Though certainly respectable-looking, Sumter County didn't appear terribly prosperous.

I was on my way to another Sumter County attraction: Andersonville, the site of the notorious Confederate prison camp. I never made it, thanks to a sign on the side of a beer hall:

SMITH'S PLACE

RAW PEANUTS

STOP

HAVE A DRAUGHT WITH
THE GOOD OLE BOYS

Sounded hokey, but I was thirsty.

There was a sudden, galvanized silence when I walked in—the long-haired "hippie-type" in fancy boots. It was midafternoon and about a half-dozen men, ranging in age from Social Security down to 30, sat around eating peanuts and drinking beer. Everyone wore a cap: CAT, NAPA, John Deere, etc. It was a workingman's bar. Most of the patrons were peanut farmers, construction workers or truck drivers. The conversation soon resumed—easy talk, a good-natured ragging of one another. I ordered a beer and took in the talk, keeping my mouth shut. When the men saw I knew my place as a stranger, they included me in the conversation.

Eventually, they asked who I was. I told them, truthfully, that I was a reporter from HUSTLER down there to "snoop around," and staying down the road in Cordele.

"HUSTLER Magazine, huh? I'll bet you got about a dozen o' them dick-suckin' women with you over in that mo-tel in Cor-dele."

"Well, around midnight last night I would have settled for just one," I said, and Lawrence Smith, the proprietor of the place, laughed for the first time since my arrival. It was settled: I could hang around. Otherwise, if the regulars feel a stranger is out of line, they'll ask him to leave. If he's hesitant, they'll supply physical assistance.

The bar filled as men got off work, and everyone seemed loose—especially

me. I spoke with Lawrence's brother, Robert, an affable peanut farmer. He is not a Jimmy Carter fan. Local farmers had suffered a dry summer, which affected crop yield. They feel Carter and the federal government don't care about their plight.

"Of course, in an off year we can get government loans at five percent interest. But you have to pay back those loans, and you're still behind the game," Robert told me.

The farmers' predicament borders on desperation. Last November, in fact, some 10,000 Georgia farmers riding 4,000 tractors staged a protest against low farm prices. The men tangled up traffic leading into Plains for miles and carried signs with messages such as, "Manure From Washington Is What We've Lived On."

At Christmastime 1977, 2,000 tractor-driving farmers blocked traffic into Plains until Carter agreed to meet with them soon. The farmers were protesting farm prices, which, they claim, net them less than it costs to plant and harvest a crop. The farmers demand that crop prices be government-set at "100 percent of parity." Carter does not agree with the 100-percent-parity plan, but has made no specific promises. The problem will probably be unresolved for quite a while.

As Robert and I continued to talk, an old black man ambled into the adjacent liquor store, which was visible from the bar. "There goes ole Bo—I believe I'll send him downtown," one of the patrons said.

"No, you can't do that. He's Mr. Fredrick's nigger now."

But when Bo came into the bar to buy cigarettes, several men greeted him with respect and affection—especially Robert, who maintained his affability.

It goes beyond the cliché of the southern white hating the black race but loving the individual. Of course, Bo was an "ole darky," not some young buck with designs on their wives and daughters. Carter's alliance with blacks is as appreciated by the good ole boys as is his concern for farmers. Ostensibly, their resentment toward blacks stems from the belief that "they don't want to work." But I'm not sure a Yankee could ever understand the intricacies of the race issue in the South. Moreover, I'm not sure that the covert, hypocritical bigotry of the North is any improvement, especially in light of developments in "liberal" cities like Boston.

I was 75 percent packaged and having a good time at Smith's when a middle-aged man came in. He had the mean face of a bystander in one of those '30s lynching photographs. He stared at me,

muttering something; I braced for trouble. Instead, the guy fell flat on his face, taking a chair with him. This didn't surprise Lawrence Smith, who picked him up and tried to talk to him. When the man failed to respond, Lawrence led him outside and shoved him toward a bench, while most of the bar laughed. The man fell again, bloodying his nose, and Lawrence got him a towel and directed him across the street. He wove uncertainly across the road as cars screeched to a halt.

"You got your car here?" someone asked me, pointing toward the drunken heap lying in the grass across the street. "Why don't you pack him in your trunk, take him up North and introduce him as a typical Jimmy Carter fan."

Bartender Dave Gore, a transplanted Detroit theater student who has been accepted by the locals, said, "These men talk a lot, but Carter took Sumter County and Georgia by a wide margin. What a man says and what he does inside of a polling booth are two different things." I left Smith's feeling that, despite their complaints (and although you would never get them to admit it), these men were proud that for the first time in a century a man from the Deep South was elected to the White House.

That evening I drove to Columbus, Georgia, in search of some female

southern comfort. It was an uneventful night, and Columbus shall forever live in my memory as a series of topless joints with go-go girls cockteasing young soldiers from Fort Benning . . . and me.

The next day I took Billy Carter's billboard advice and checked into the Best Western motel in Americus—some 30 miles closer to Plains. I got on the phone and tried to nail down a pass onto the President's street in Plains. Not only did I lack a solid reason to enter the compound, but I also represented HUSTLER, which in the past had honored the presidential family by running a piece in which Carter's bad-boy nephew, Willie Carter Spann, described Rosalynn's physical attributes as he once witnessed them in his youth (HUSTLER, May 1977).

I made calls just to see what would happen. The motel manager had given me the number of Alton Smitherman, a supervisor at the SS command post in Plains. When I called, Smitherman was not around, but an agent connected me with his superior, a man named Hoskins. Hoskins politely hipped me that permission to enter Woodland Drive could only come from Washington: the White House press office.

Washington is the home of the run-around. Through three or four calls I

was batted back and forth between the White House and the Secret Service, finally coming to rest in the office of Dale Leibach, a White House press advance officer, where a secretary intercepted me and said, "Someone will be getting back to you."

"Call collect," I urged in the voice of a man speaking with a clear conscience—a *Family Circle* reporter, let's say.

Rebounding from the phone frustration, I hopped into my car and headed for honky-tonk "downtown" Plains—a series of eight or nine stores directly across the street from Billy Carter's gas station. When Carter was elected, the city fathers of Plains went to Johnson City, Texas, in order to see how another small town handled the presidential phenomenon. Plains is now zoned for commercial growth, and free enterprise thrives within the zone.

The Plains tradespeople have devised more uses for the peanut than George Washington Carver ever dreamed of. Some of the more crass examples of Carter exploitation are available at Cousin Hugh Carter's corner store. For instance, a Jimmy Carter rubber-faced bottle opener: You lift Jimmy's teeth and put the bottle in his mouth, then snap off the cap, which is caught inside his head. When ole Jimmy's head fills

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with bottle caps, you just unscrew the back and empty them out.

Hugh Carter's store doubles as a supposed antique emporium. I noticed some Coke bottles that were going for \$3 each.

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, they're old," I was told.

Hugh Carter lets very few peanuts gather under his feet. In addition to the store, he runs a worm farm. "We have billions of worms here and ship millions of them annually to all fifty states," I heard him say on TV. He is also a Georgia state senator. Though Hugh is raking in the dough, he is doubtless being outdistanced by Cousin Billy, who has been getting from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a day for appearances, has loaned his name to Billy Beer and to Revell Toys (for a Billy Carter Redneck Power Pickup Truck) and is negotiating with publishers (through his lawyers and agents, Top Billing of Nashville) to do a book with a rumored advance somewhere between \$150,000 and a cool quarter mill.

Then there's Billy's gas station/beer hall, where in the summer months cars line up eight and nine deep in either direction and where, judging by the size of the coolers, he sells nearly as much beer as gas. I pulled my car up to the pumps at the Carter station, and as the young attendant was writing me a receipt, a busload of elderly people from a Baptist church pulled up.

"Oh no, not another one," the kid groaned. It seems most tourists visiting Plains are senior citizens.

I went inside the station, got a beer and watched awhile as an unending stream of retirees filed through, buying gas, tours, beer, and Billy Carter caps at \$5 each. The money is collected by a crew of five, headed by a lean, fortyish-looking man in sunglasses named Bud Duvall. Yet another busload of senior citizens had been disgorged at the station. I wondered what they thought of a sign hanging on the back wall:

FOUND: ONE PAIR OF LADIES' BRIEFS ON BUD DUVAL'S CAR. MUST BE ABLE TO TELL COLOR AND SIZE! WHEN YOU COME TO GET THEM, YOU MUST TRY THEM ON SO MR. BUD CAN SEE THEY FIT.

PLEASE HURRY!

Several men sat around discussing things from high-school football to the quality of the furnishings inside Billy's place. An elderly man with a stoic dignity sat on my left. Suddenly, he spoke: "I believe, Bud, you oughta get these chairs fixed. Right now it's like sitting in a commode." He was right.

Billy is still king of the good ole boys

in this part of Georgia. No one seems to resent his success, not even up at Smith's Place, which is frequented by some very critical citizens. ("I just wish it had happened to me," Robert Smith had said.) But finding Billy is something else again. Everyone at the station claimed he was out touring and raking in the money. But, of course, they wouldn't have told me of his whereabouts even if he had been sleeping on a pile of empty beer cans in the back room. They dummy-up in a hurry concerning Billy, but are beer-hall friendly on almost any other topic.

The conversation at the station switched to Chip Carter. "Did you hear ole Chip fell offa peanut wagon yesterday and broke his leg?" an attendant asked.

"Naw, it was his ankle," an older man corrected, shaking his head and smiling.

I had heard the previous day that the Carter clan was known to hang out in the back room of the Plains Country Club when they were disposed to hanging out, but I let that slide for a moment; I had other things on my mind.

I needed a woman. I had been keeping a careful watch since my arrival in the area, but the local talent up to this point had seemed hopeless: ex-pompom-girls-turned-motel-clerks, farmers' wives, and acne-plagued teenagers working the checkout counter at the Piggly Wiggly. So far nothing very eligible had come within striking distance. This to me was cause for no little concern. I had time, money, a car, booze, dangerous drugs—I needed a woman to complete the equation.

My libido kept sending pulsating messages to my brain: THE SOONER THE BETTER, THE SOONER THE BETTER...

My luck finally changed that evening. At one of the best restaurants in town I was struck by a vision: my waitress. She had the most sensitive face I had seen since leaving Atlanta, and she wore a feminine, puffy-shouldered blouse and near-baggy pants, which nevertheless couldn't hide a fine body—a modest woman she was. I was well-oiled at this point, and like a boll weevil in a cotton plant, I attacked:

With the pate: "Can I ask you something? Is there any place to hang out here at night?"

"Oh, I really don't know—I've only been here for a couple of weeks."

With the onion soup: "Well... what are you doing after work?"

"Going home to bed! I've been working for twelve hours."

With the sole stuffed with salmon and lobster: "Have you changed your mind? I'm more unusual than you think—but

safe as milk. I'm just looking for some companionship. We're probably dual spirits—"

"Thank you, really. It's just that I'm very tired."

With the chocolate mousse: "How about lunch tomorrow?"

"I have to work."

"After work?"

She finally agreed to call me the next morning at the motel. Sitting out in the parking lot, I was tempted to wait there until she got off work. Instead, I decided to drive to Albany, about 30 miles south of Americus. On the way I stopped in at Smith's Place to see how a copy of HUSTLER I had dropped off the previous evening had been received.

"You're a hero," Dave Gore said. Dave also cleared up the Chip Carter story: "Actually, he just sprained his ankle falling through a loose step in the staircase running up the side of the warehouse. They replaced the entire flight of stairs."

Dave seemed an unlikely bartender at Smith's, and I couldn't help asking why he was there. "Everyone's got to be somewhere," he said. The perfect answer.

Later that night I headed down to Albany, scanning the AM airwaves for something to listen to. You can pick up some bizarre radio in the South. For in-

stance, the following came out of a New Orleans station:

Leeaaaaan, lean on Jesus,
Leeaaaaan, lean on Jesus.
You better lean on Jesus,
before Jesus leans on you . . .

A cowboy listened

and lit up a joint.

"Yeah," he finally said,

"I think you got a point."

The next stanza extolled the virtues of booze, grass and Jesus. *An interesting approach to religion*, I thought.

In fact, it inspired me to light up a joint and, in my own way, seek out The Great Cosmic Connection as the radio continued to crank out gospel riffs. By the time I was halfway to Albany they had me singing along.

The church is all-pervasive in the South. In his campaign biography, *Why Not the Best?*, Carter tells of a bill before the Georgia State Legislature in '64 that would have made "the worship of God" mandatory. In Sumter County, with its population of 26,931, there are 65 churches. If you are an ambitious man, it doesn't hurt to become a deacon at the local Baptist outlet. It helps in the same way that acquiring contacts at the right country club will give a man a boost in the community.

Sinners, however, must tread carefully around the church. Prior to a Novem-

ber 1977 Sumter County referendum on allowing the public sale of mixed drinks (only beer may be purchased in bars), the church folks mounted an intensive campaign against the proposal, including melodramatic posters depicting drunken teenagers lying shit-faced in the gutter: "Do you want this to be your children?" The voters defeated the referendum.

Albany proved almost as big a drag as Columbus. I wound up in a place called Joe's Cellar, watching an exotic dancer named Miss Dee Dee Bang Bang rub her tits in the faces of happy local hornsticks, while several straight-looking couples gazed on approvingly.

I had noticed in the paper that there was a disco in town: The Sassy Fox. I asked a kid standing outside of Joe's if he knew where it was. "I sure do. You head straight down here—you'll have to go through niggertown—but you just keep going."

The Sassy Fox looked more like Joe's Cellar than Joe's Cellar did: whorehouse velveteen wallpaper, waitresses in hotpants, a deserted dance floor and nothing but young male hungries sitting at the tables. I left without even having a drink.

However, there were several surprising sights as I left town. The first was the Beth Israel Synagogue, and the

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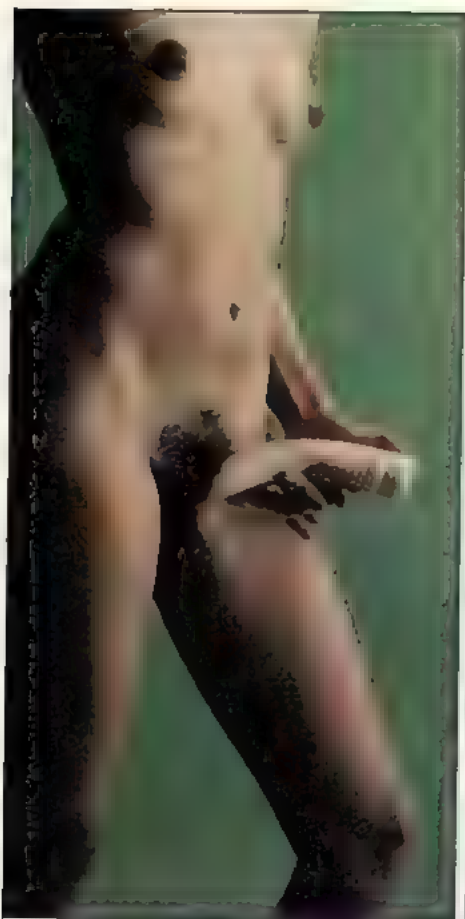
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second was a street lined with black hookers. I pulled over to observe the latter for a while.

Several cops stood on the far corner, apparently oblivious to the meat market. The cars pulling over to the hookers were driven exclusively by white men. It reminded me of a Dick Gregory line about "whorehouses being the first places to be desegregated." A line I had heard at Smith's the previous day also came back: "A good-looking black woman is an Indian—course, the rest are just nigger mummies." Interesting how sex brings the races together. An "Indian" hooker approached me, but I declined; I was still thinking about Nancy the waitress.

The following morning Ruth Berry of the White House press office called, delivering the bottom line on my request for a compound pass: "I'm afraid we don't let anyone onto the President's street." No surprise there, except perhaps that the White House would respond *at all* to HUSTLER.

However, Nancy had failed to call, and I had no intention of letting her slip through my fingers without a struggle. I sent her a bouquet of flowers and a long, rambling note mentioning that I needed a shot of city and was going to Atlanta, but would be back. All I could do was hope.

Atlanta, heart of the New South and headquarters for Carter's "Georgia Mafia," has got a Neanderthal solicitor general. Hinson McAuliffe is described as "a man of intense religious conviction and a hard-shell Baptist." Like most self-styled arbiters of public morals, McAuliffe has some strange standards. First of all, he had lifted HUSTLER and *Gallery* from the newsstands while allowing *Playboy* to continue selling. (A federal court ruled his methods illegal.) Moreover, hard-core porn mags—which go far beyond the limits of any national men's mag—are sold openly in any of the city's numerous porn stores.

Later, in an Atlanta barroom, I took a personal poll of the prevalent attitude toward HUSTLER, and it was virtually unanimous that McAuliffe is considered horseshit with his self-serving smut crusade. Baptists: In Sumter County it was mixed drinks; in Atlanta it was HUSTLER. Organized religion is always keeping people away from what they want under the pretext of protecting them.

A day or two later, while reading the paper, I spotted a story about Ruth Carter Stapleton, the President's evangelist sister, being the houseguest of Larry Flynt. They quoted Flynt: "You never know what might happen to

HUSTLER. It might start printing the Bible someday."

That's it, I thought. It's getting too weird. Narrow perspective or not, I packed my bag, heading back to the peace and quiet of Sumter County.

I drove back down, eating boiled peanuts and thinking about Baptists and Jimmy Carter. Despite his highly touted liberalism, his black coalition and the fact that he takes an occasional drink, Jimmy Carter is a Baptist, and Baptists are conservative. This conservatism has become apparent through many of his economic policies, and on a personal level through his displeasure with "fornicating" aides—i.e., any man fucking out of wedlock. To get an idea of where he was coming from, I decided to attend services at his church in Plains the following day: Sabbath.

When I arrived at the Best Western, I found Nancy had left a message to call her. I called, and she agreed to meet me at the motel; we would drive over to her place to view her slides of the July 2 Ku Klux Klan rally in Plains. It was the best news of the week.

I had plenty of time at my disposal prior to our 11 p.m. meeting, so I drove out to the Plains Country Club in hopes of finding some Carters. The front of the place invites tourists, but I had been told at Smith's to slide around to the side door. There was a sign on the door:

PRIVATE CLUB

GOOD OLE BOYS ONLY

I walked in slowly and was carefully looked over by the half-dozen denizens hanging out and drinking beer. There was the obligatory pool table, but unlike in the other beer halls, the chairs here were intact. A HELL NO, I AIN'T FERGETTIN' sign hung opposite the jukebox. The crowd at the country club was a younger and, I'm sure, more successful strata of good ole boys than the crowd at Smith's. As usual, everyone became friendly after observing me through a beer, but there was a *sedateness* here on this one visit, and a *bust-out feeling* at Smith's—I liked the bust-out feeling. So I left.

"We're fixin' to make some music tonight," Lawrence Smith said, with what seemed to be a proud smile, as I walked into his place. The unwritten rules at Smith's state that a stranger, if he passes the test on his first visit, then has to go through a session of "the dozens." In "the dozens" you are put down with a witty line and are expected to return with your own cutting remark to even the score. I had to sit still for a pretty heavy ragging. The first topic was the "big money" I made as a writer:

(continued on page 107)

KINKY KORNER

by Jack Hoffman

Life can be just plain bizarre. Anyone who might have seen me during my fast-living days five years ago would die laughing if he knew that I was writing an article about the joys of celibacy and that I'd send it in to HUSTLER Magazine, of all places.

Let me fill in a little of my background. I'm 27 years old now and first discovered sex ten years ago with some of the looser ladies in my high school. The town I grew up in was pretty small. Being a restless person, I shipped out with the Navy right after graduation. I wasn't real hot to try Vietnamese jungle-fighting if I could help it.

The Navy trained me as a radioman and sent me cruising around the Mediterranean for four years. Couldn't argue with that: lots of shore leave, lots of beautiful scenery and lots of action (the female kind). You might say that during my hitch I broadened my understanding of international relations and picked up an acquaintance with many foreign tongues. Or else you could just say I got laid a lot.

Fucking wasn't the only talent I discovered in the service. During slow duty shift I began sketching whatever was around. I got so good at it that I would take my trusty sketch pad with me around old European cities. Drawing became my obsession. Late at night, sitting drunk in some waterfront cafe, I'd put spur-of-the-moment pen-and-ink portraits of my companions onto cardboard coasters. And, if there were any pretty girls in sight, drawing was the perfect excuse to strike up a conversation (about art, of course). I met many attractive and willing models this way.

After my hitch was up I drifted around Europe for another year, enjoying myself and not worrying too much about the future. I finally decided to postpone the bleak realities of adulthood a little bit longer. I returned to the States and enrolled in art school on the GI Bill.

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. HUSTLER does not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is simply to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue about sexual variety among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for eight-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your submission



THE GUY WHO GOT TOO MUCH

In no way was I prepared for how America had changed while I was overseas. I was plunked down in the middle of a big, crazy art school (in New York City, no less). I had never imagined, much less seen, as much drinking, dope and debauchery as I ran into there. And I'd thought the Navy was wild! Needless to say, I jumped into all this heavy action with both feet. By the end of my first semester I'd balled 18 different girls and was spending most of my time wandering around the city in a dazed, drug-induced stupor.

The only catch was that the teachers were piling on a lot of hard work. I had started far behind the others, and, because I was determined to become a

fine painter, I was under a lot of heavy pressure. Something had to give; to my dismay, it was my cock.

Naturally, my noodle picked the worst possible time to go limp. I had met this sleek brunet fox, who truly radiated Park Avenue class, at a gallery. Her name was Stacy (short for Anastasia), and we had a lot in common as far as our taste in art went. She invited me to see her paintings. After arriving at her sunny apartment one thing led to another. Before we knew it, we were in the bedroom, impatiently taking off each other's clothes.

Stacy had a great pair of tits, a tight, tanned body and a dark, juicy cunt. To say the least, she couldn't have been more perfect. She was covering my body with luscious, wet kisses, but for some strange reason I couldn't get a hard on!

Stacy spent ten minutes giving me a good licking with her fantastically coordinated tongue, but it was all in vain. I had the weirdest feeling, as if I were watching a movie of a hot little princess going down on someone else. I couldn't feel a thing. Stacy tried to cover up her disappointment, but it was the most embarrassing moment in my life. If there had been any woman who I wanted to fuck until my eyes popped out, it was Stacy.

We dated later that week, but my ardor again failed to rise to the occasion. I thought I was having a negative reaction to Stacy, so I took out an old girlfriend. We got into the clinches, all kissy and huggy, but no dice. El Floppo would not get hot. It got so I couldn't even whip up a decent erection with my own fist. I soon developed a gigantic case of insecurity when I was around the opposite sex. This sure didn't do the rest of my life a heck of a lot of good. I wasn't loose enough to paint, I was too confused to study, and I just fell deeper and deeper into the black pits of depression. I started drinking heavily. My brain conjured up all these horny desires, but my cock would just lie back

and play dead. The frustration and self-doubt were driving me crazy.

I went to see the campus doctor. His diagnosis wasn't very encouraging: He told me I was suffering from hypertension and nervous exhaustion, and urged me to take a leave of absence. I wasn't very anxious to go back home to Indiana, but at this point it seemed like the only place I could afford. I said good-bye to all my city friends—still unable to give Stacy the kind of long farewell she warranted—and caught a Greyhound west.

On the surface my hometown had stayed the way I left it: cozy, warm and boring. A lot of kids I had gone to school with were either selling insurance or churning out babies. They didn't interest me. But I kept hearing strange stories about an old classmate, Clem Rush, who was living on a farm outside of town. Once I started getting my energy back, I drove out to see him.

Clem had been one of my weirder high-school buddies, so I didn't know what to expect. We hardly recognized each other at first. Clem's hair was half-way down his back, and he was much leaner and stronger than I remembered. He had dropped out of college, he said, and bummed around the world. Then he

hooked up with Kate, his well-built blond friend, and they had worked their farm for the past two years. Although they didn't bring in much money, the outdoor life was healthy, and they enjoyed living together.

I told them about my crazy life in New York City (leaving out the gory details of my lame sex drive—just looking at Kate playing with her long hair was waking it up) and my plans for a quiet summer to get things sorted out. Clem and Kate offered me a standing invitation to stay with them anytime. Between the two of them, they said, they'd get me back in shape in a few weeks. I smiled, curious about what they had in mind.

The answer wasn't long in coming. I took them up on their offer the next weekend. Clem and Kate put me to work on the farm, milking cows, husking corn, shoveling manure. It was harder work than I'd done in the Navy, but very satisfying. After each evening's hearty dinner they would teach me yoga and meditation, which they called the keys to a holistic life-style. "Your mind must tune in your body and help it to eliminate all poisons," said Clem. He and Kate never used tobacco, drugs or alcohol. Since my New York doctor had

frowned on my own overindulgence, I tried to imitate their example. It wasn't easy changing my habits overnight. Part of me wanted to rebel against this enforced wholesomeness, though I couldn't deny I was feeling better, stronger and happier.

My strength was coming back rapidly, but I still marveled at all the energy Clem and Kate put out. He was a whirlwind out in the fields by day and a sensitive guitarist by night; she more than held her own, driving a tractor, cooking up tasty vegetarian meals and still finding an hour or two to work at her potter's wheel. I wanted to start painting again, but was always too bone-weary after a day of working outdoors for anything more taxing than light meditation.

I asked Clem what the secret of his nonstop endurance was, and his answer surprised and (I admit) shocked me. He and Kate had been rechanneling their sexual energy by remaining celibate. They shared the same bed, but hadn't had sex for over a year. It wasn't that they didn't love each other; they had simply found different ways to express tenderness. Sex, he felt, complicated matters. It was an energy-drain.

He told me that celibacy wasn't as difficult to get into as it sounded and that I

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should try it if I really wanted to concentrate on anything hard like painting. Well, I guess I had already fallen, somewhat unwillingly, into a sexless lifestyle. I couldn't argue with the results such abstinence had brought Clem and Kate, but I did have a whole lot of difficulty "buying the concept," as we would say in art class. A letter from Stacy, however, wishing me well and telling me she had married her stockbroker, was enough to make me give celibacy a try.

But suddenly—when I had made a commitment to stay celibate as a sort of experiment—my old sex drive returned with a vengeance. Clem told me it was the energy I should learn to harness. He coached me through the tough first weeks. I had a good month of torture! But Clem kept hammering away at the energy-draining aspects of orgasm, claiming that true celibacy was a state of mind that went beyond abstinence.

At first I couldn't watch TV or read a magazine without getting horny and wanting to jack off in the bathroom like a fumbling 13-year-old. When you don't have sex, you really become aware of how it's crammed down your throat in advertisements, supermarket packages, even in electrical wiring. I could not see a plug going into a socket without thinking of you-know-what! Clem suggested I stop drooling and channel my imagination into some artwork.

I was surprised at how easy it was to paint. My new works were all nudes, but that phase quickly gave way to striking abstracts. Clem and Kate kept feeding me fresh fruits and vegetables, raw nuts, milk, eggs and a lot of cheese. These lowered my "animal" drives while keeping me strong. After a few weeks of heavy farm labor and deeper immersion into the disciplines of yoga and painting, I was amazed at how little time I wasted thinking about sex or any other inviting self-indulgence. Giving up orgasm hadn't been much worse than giving up smoking (which I had done repeatedly over the years). I just wondered how long I could keep it up (or down, to be more precise).

The real test came when I returned to New York that fall. Schoolwork without mindless pleasure-seeking wasn't as tough as I'd anticipated. Sure, I was tempted by the wild parties and the student sexpots, but they didn't seem to offer anything beyond shallow physical gratification. I found them easy to pass up. Some of my old friends thought I had turned a little weird, but on a deeper level they understood where my

head was. I started painting up a storm, and by the end of the year I was a prize-winning hotshot whose work was beginning to sell.

That was three years ago. My artwork and self-understanding have continued to grow. I'm deeply committed now to the disciplines of yoga, meditation, vegetarianism... and celibacy. I'm happier, healthier and less mixed-up about life than I've been in a long time.

People still wonder what I have against good, clean, all-American sex. My answer is: nothing. I've just given it a lower priority in my life. There are plenty of creative things people can do with their vital energy besides fucking themselves silly. Even now I look back with regret on all the paintings I could have done instead of wasting my youth chasing pussy. Many great men of history—Jesus, Plato, Beethoven, Gandhi—abstained from heavy sex, and I can understand why. But celibacy is a matter of personal choice; it isn't for everyone.

The only thing that really burns me up is when people tell me I'm doing something unnatural. They've obviously never studied the "natural" mating patterns of elephants (they only copulate once every two years) or salmon (the male fish dies off shortly after fertilizing the female's eggs). Sex between humans is perfectly natural, but it's not necessary for the individual's survival—unlike eating, breathing, sleeping or going to the bathroom. The organs and glands that control reproduction don't get weak from disuse; as a matter of fact, a man is more potent after a period of rest. It has been theorized (but not proven) that the testosterone manufactured for sperm, if not used for sex, goes into the bloodstream and stimulates the pituitary gland and the creative center of the brain. There are practical advantages as well: I never have to worry about catching VD or impregnating someone.

I'm not giving up sex for the rest of my life. But if I do go to bed with a woman, it will be a personal act that says there is a meaningful bond between us. Sex will be with us always. Like many things, in moderation it doesn't hurt. But people should develop more respect for the act of love as a special gift of life. Every time a man and a woman screw around, it doesn't just affect the two people involved, but potentially the future of the whole human race. Remember that the next time you just want to get your rocks off.

Above all, be strong! 

LOOKING FOR MR. GOOBER

(continued from page 102)

"You got the life, bro"—your bossman must pay you off in thousand-dollar bills and young pussy."

"Not a chance," I said. "It's strictly hand-to-mouth with me—last month they paid me in condoms."

"I'll have to say from the size of your nose—no offense, sport—that you're either a Son of David from New *Jewsy*, or else one o' those dago hit men. You wanna fess-up on that?"

"Well, it's true," I confessed. "I am a dago—I'm not a hit man, but I know a few. The last I heard, the going rate on rednecks is three for a hundred dollars."

Just then Lawrence Smith, a funny man and one of the main inquisitors, was sidetracked by a farmer wearing overalls who was hitting him up in syrupy tones for a free beer while kneading his right arm: "I believe we can get together on this, Lawrence."

Lawrence looked down at his arm, then off in my direction and said dryly: "We got a lotta queers down here in Georgia. It's a real problem."

The slack in my inquisition was picked up by John, a powerful-looking man in his 30s, who made it clear that he wasn't too crazy about Yankees or blacks. John insisted that some of his favorite spades were in the cemetery. Not wanting to let me off the hook, he brought up the Civil War—and most of the older men chimed in, talking about carpetbaggers as if a whole contingent of them had passed through last week. Finally, I asked: "Ah, haven't you forgiven us for that yet?" Everyone laughed, and John lightened up, offering to get me some moonshine the next time I was in town.

I left Smith's to eat, then returned, not really believing that these bust-out men were going to jam together. I was being hustled at the pool table when I saw two families file into the back. Shortly thereafter, John (who was ragging me earlier) came in smiling a hello. We exchanged military salutes, and he also disappeared into the back.

The kid with the harelip who was hustling me for beers wanted to escalate: "How about we play the next game for a dollar?"

I declined, following John into the back room. There was an upright piano against the wall and, on top of it, an encased fiddle. "We're waitin' on the fiddler," someone said.

"I never played one o' these before," said a burly young man who was plucking away on a banjo.

"Come on, Bobby, you can't tell us that."

"I swear to Jesus and three other white men."

The banjo player's pregnant wife was tending two pint-sized kids, and another woman was there reining in her brood. It was a social event—and in many ways beautiful—to see those tough-talking farmers and construction workers making music. The fiddler fiddled while the banjo player accompanied and sang "Your Cheatin' Heart." In the middle of the song he said, "Now take it away, John." John banged out a few bars on the piano. I applauded when they were done. "Appreciate it," they said.

Later, in the head, I noticed someone had carved WE GOT THE SOUL into the back of the door. It was true. These men do have soul, plenty of it, but the resentment that caused one of them to carve a claim to "white soul" on the back of the shithouse door also prevents them from seeing that they need a black-and-white coalition as much as Jimmy Carter did in the '76 election. A power bloc of biracial "common people"—as they call themselves at Smith's—would be a genuine force. It's not likely to occur. Instead, they just shuffle through their lives like the blacks—in a "separate but equal" struggle.

Nancy showed up at my room on schedule, looking better than I remembered her from when I was half-drunk in the restaurant. Again she wore a pretty blouse, which showed off her fine shoulders, and near-baggy pants. When I teased her about the combination, she said, "I don't want people to notice me for that." Definitely a modest woman... and me the sexist pornographer. It didn't seem possible. When I asked her if she wanted to smoke a joint and drink some champagne before leaving to view her KKK slides, she agreed.

One joint led to another. She scrutinized me as I paced around the room, running a rambling monologue on her. She was as evasive as Nixon when I directly questioned her, but occasionally she would sit up on the far bed and hold a "press conference"—running out an eloquent streak of chatter. Then, just as suddenly, she would clam up like G. Gordon Liddy.

She told me that her parents were missionaries and that she had been raised in Chile, Costa Rica and Kansas. She had attended 23 schools and had spent the past seven years in the South. "You know, even though I've been here that long, I'm still looked upon as an outsider by people who have lived here all their lives. It's a subtle distinction, but it seems to exist all over the South."

She was sensitive, and something told me not to try touching her—though I

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"These are my 'official' lessons in love. I don't concentrate so much on what I've done as on what I've *LEARNED* from what I've done. I *TELL* you, point by point, how you can be better in bed than you ever thought possible. But more than that, Robert Baxter has helped me to end with his beautiful, graphic illustrations that explicitly show you what I'm talking about. If you came to me in person for a course in supersexmanship, I couldn't show you in the flesh more clearly than this."

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- ★ Why militant feminists are *NUTS* for objecting to the missionary position as "symbolizing male dominance."

- ★ What form of foreplay can make a woman "writhe like a snake in heat."

- ★ How to perform "The School-girl Twist," developed by teenagers in back seats of cars.

- ★ When a man should let a woman do all the work.

- ★ How to make the most of mirrors—and star in your own porno flick.

- ★ Why a woman should avoid being "too feminine."

- ★ How to avoid "orgasmic cramp."

- ★ How to promote a "desk job," the divine form of quickie.

- ★ How to avoid hassles over simultaneous orgasm.

- ★ What possibilities are in rocking chairs ("Was Whistler's Mother

trying to tell us something?").

- ★ Why the "wheelbarrow" position is good for laughs—and then some.

- ★ How to cheat—successfully.

- ★ Why older women are better.

- ★ How to stage an orgy

- ★ What type of woman appears most attractive with her pudendum clean-shaven.

As intriguing as these topics may be, they barely hint at the tortures and ecstasies that writhe to life on every page. *NOTHING* is too outrageous for Xaviera's quivering pen: She tells how to massage a man all over with erect nipples, how to perform "the act" undetected while dancing at a discotheque, what to do if you are a man watching two women go at each other frenziedly, how to perform cunnilingus to perfection, how to get your woman into a swinging situation with another couple, how and what to lubricate with whipped cream, and how to make a dildo in your freezer.

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As you read this book, you get

the feeling that the "Happy Hooker" would much rather have been playing the delightful games she describes than writing about them. And, indeed, she seems so turned on by her own vivid, hot memories that you imagine she had to stop for a lovemaking break after every chapter. You may, too.

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was dying to. My heart sank when she immediately agreed to my suggestion that we go over to her house and see the slides. But thanks to the grass and champagne, Nancy was unable to drive her car. *What a lucky break*, I thought, as I watched her jump out of her car and walk toward mine, clutching her arms. I held her in the parking lot until she said thank you in a way that made me feel like a heel. We went back upstairs.

That was the last time I felt like a heel with her. She had a natural grace and dignity that put me on my best behavior—painlessly. As I had suspected, Nancy was hiding a fine body beneath her baggy clothes. Still modest even in the throes of passion, she was reluctant to take all her clothes off at one time. We compromised, and she kept on her knee socks.

To say that making love to her was rooted merely in lasciviousness would be wrong. Her pureness and wholesomeness turned the sex act into an experience of understanding one another completely—it was the nearest I have come to a sexual spirituality in years.

Thanks to the cable TV station, we were able to keep track of the time... and the barometric pressure, wind velocity and temperature. Thanks to my Catholic upbringing, somewhere around 5 a.m. I felt obliged to confess my checkered past. I described some of the carnivorous women I've known and the carnivorous things I've done. "I'm not exactly one of the Waltons," I said.

"Don't worry, you've got it in you," she responded. I could have kissed her feet for saying that—and I probably did.

At exactly 8:05 a.m., Nancy, who had been up for 30 hours, passed out on my chest—snoring violently; so violently, in fact, that my chest hairs shook like palm trees in a hurricane. It was quite a sight, this delicate face snoring like a truck driver. I passed out right behind her and awoke two hours later to the bleary-eyed sight of Nancy dressing. "I have to return the car to my girlfriend," she said. I staggered out of bed and trailed her to the door.

"Let's drive to Savannah, swim to Havana! I don't care, but I want to see you again."

"Okay, okay," she said, disappearing out the door into the sunlight.

I felt great. Great enough to go to church, which is exactly what I did: Jimmy Carter's church in Plains. I had slept through the morning service, but managed to make the 7 p.m. Bible training class after a boozy dinner. I needed the booze to go in the first place. I had enough of organized religion—Catholic-style—when I was a kid. But religion is a major facet of Jimmy "Born Again"

Carter's character. It was worth a superficial investigation.

In his autobiography Carter tells of a church conference at Plains Baptist where a vote was taken on a deacon's proposal to exclude blacks from worship services. Of the 200 people present, only six—the Carter family members and one other man—voted to allow in the blacks. The church became the focus of a national controversy just before Carter's election when a black minister was stopped from entering a service. I drove to Plains, entertaining righteous contempt. I expected to be joining a group of pious, bigoted hypocrites.

Plains Baptist is a neatly painted white wood building not unlike any number of churches in the South. However, there are signs posted on the perimeter of the parking lot:

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After spraying some Binaca into my mouth I walked over to a group of five men standing by the side door. They greeted me in chorus, and I was included in their conversation while we waited for the door to be opened. When it was discovered that I was from New York, one of the men assured me: "There's a place up there—what's it called, Harlem?—where the po-lice won't even go..."

The Bible study class met in a large room adjacent to the chapel. Besides us men, there were seven or eight ladies (mostly elderly, all reverent-looking) and a woman who presided over the whole hootenanny. "Now, if you'll turn in your prayer book to 'We Have a Friend in Jesus'..."

Jesus! I wondered, *what am I doing here??* I fumbled in my book, unable to find the place until one of the men assisted me, and in my inebriated state I mumbled along.

A tall, gaunt man delivered the night's lecture on "stewardship of worldly goods" in a southern accent so thick I had difficulty following him. Predictably, the stewardship lecture began with an oblique pitch to kick in bucks to the church. In spite of this, I found my contempt dissipating. Earlier I had thought of standing and saying: "I'm a boozing, fornicating 'white nigger' pornographer—what do you think of that?" But these men and women were so unquestioning in their acceptance of me—their faces so pious as they attentively listened to the speaker—that I found it impossible to work up a righteous indignation. Maybe they were a bunch of Bible-thumping bigots, but on that Sunday night in that room they

(continued on page 115)

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Branching out along other worldly horizons, Mail-Order Feedback relates the following:

REVEREND IKE

One of our editors, Michael Stott, reports that awhile back, when he was a graduate student at the University of Wisconsin, he would sit up nights, getting stoned and listening to a religious program beaming out of Oklahoma, *The Reverend Ike Show*. Stott was so overcome by the evangelist's silver-tongued exhortations that he immediately dashed off a letter to the reverend, scrawled with his left hand and describing himself as a fictitious "wider woman." The "wider woman" had been burdened with a drinking husband, now thankfully deceased, and a bunch of rotten kids, who were all shooting dope and fucking Puerto Ricans. She enclosed no money, but requested the magical, mystical prayer cloth advertised on the radio program.

Lo and behold!—a week later a jagged swatch of red cloth arrived, along with a copy of the Rev's magazine, *Action*, and enthusiastic requests to join his "blessing plan." The plan was carefully worded and based on the old principle of "give 'n' get"—that is, it suggested that regular contributions to Reverend Ike would be repaid one hundredfold by the inevitable (in many cases, instant) realization of the giver's wildest dreams—hearing, a car or a nice house, or a steady job. The magazine quoted success story after success story, and there were photographs, mostly of black "wider women" from Detroit or Atlanta standing proudly beside their new Eldorados or condominiums. How these benefits *actually* arrived to enrich the lives of the recipients was never explained, except that the beneficiaries were all regular contributors to the blessing plan.

As to the prayer cloth, you could do anything you liked with it: You could tuck it under your mattress to combat the blight of impotence; you could bring it along on your weekly night at the bowling alley to ensure a good score or to keep your hands dry. Our editor jacked off into it and then put the prayer cloth into the washing machine. The washer promptly broke down, incurring the

ire of his fellow tenants. Though Mike never sent the Rev a penny, he continued to be deluged by copies of *Action* for a full year. They even followed him to Toledo, Ohio, after his graduation.

Similar miracles may befall you if you can track the shippy Ike down to a permanent mailing address. His journal, since retitled *The Blessing Way*, continues to appear at fairly regular intervals, as does the media-genic Rev himself. We suggest you keep checking your local TV and revival-house listings to catch one of Ike's shows for the latest salvation-by-mail poop.

You may try writing the Reverend Ike at 910 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts 02115, but you'll probably reach his accountants instead

SWINGERS BULLETIN

From the ridiculous to the sublime: We recently were sent the latest *Swingers Bulletin* (\$6 from S&B International, P.O. Box 35, Orland Park, Illinois 60462), a collection of nearly 150 available guys, gals and couples looking for lusty friends. Published six times a year, it claims a nationwide distribution and can be purchased in adult-book stores.

There are two ways to take advantage of *Swingers Bulletin*: answer one of the ads by writing to the encoded address in care of the *Bulletin*, which will forward your letters for \$1 a shot, or place your own ad (with or without a picture) at prices ranging from \$15 per column-inch to \$105 for a full page. Because you may not get lucky right away, the *Bulletin* offers a discount, running your ad in four issues for the price of three.

In general, these ads are pretty straightforward descriptions that list hometown, age, body type (including relevant measurements) and favorite sexual activities. The edition of the *Swingers Bulletin* we saw featured a disproportionately large number of bondage freaks and Midwesterners—something about those brutal winters? The grainy black-and-white snapshots that accompany about half the ads not only give the prospective customer a better idea of what he or she is getting into, but they also offer an amusing counterpoint to the ads.

The people who market themselves in *Swingers Bulletin* represent an intriguing cross section. Some surprisingly good-looking women can be found amid the androids, porkers and pinheads. Our favorite ads included: "C307—Dallas, Texas—Wrestling female seeks men, women and couples who love nude, topless, mud and greased wrestling"; "C308—Chicago fun-loving man. Doesn't anyone kiss anymore? I'm 28, 5'4", 138 lb., 6", no BD or SM."

Maybe if we could get these two together, along with all the other desperate, horny souls in *Swingers Bulletin*, the world might be a better place.

FEEDBACK LETTER

In February's *HUSTLER*, *Bits & Pieces* reviewed a new magazine called *At Home*. Last October I had received mail-order subscription forms from *At Home's* publishers, offering a special charter subscription rate of \$18 for one year (12 issues). Bearing in mind the money-back guarantee, I sent a check for \$18, which cleared my bank a week later. However, I still haven't received my first issue. I've written to the magazine at its post-office box address in Rockaway, New Jersey, but I haven't received a reply.

I would still like to get the magazine, or at least a refund. I ask for your assistance in this matter

A. A.

New York, New York

This complaint was one of 30 we've received about At Home's slow service. Since At Home's distribution has recently been taken over by Flynt Distributing Company, our first call went to Dale Gleghorn, Flynt's vice-president of traffic. He spoke of certain cash-flow problems experienced by At Home, resulting in only two issues of the magazine ever going to press since its inception a year ago. He was reasonably optimistic that the problems had been sorted out since the intercession of Flynt Distributing, and he put me in touch with Philip Seldon, the magazine's associate publisher.

Mr. Seldon was quick to offer reassurances that At Home was finally in healthy shape. He attributed the magazine's shaky start to "organization problems" and some naivete about the optimal handling of magazine sales. He thought these start-up difficulties were being remedied quickly, with the shuffling of key editors, staff changes and the distribution expertise offered by Flynt Distributing. The third issue of At Home should have entered circulation in mid-May, and Mr. Seldon expressed "absolute certainty" that it would appear on a monthly basis. Let's hope that he's right and that subscribers will have satisfactory service by the time this column appears. Any further complaints about At Home will receive prompter attention if sent directly to the magazine, at 139 East 57th Street, New York, New York 10022

ANOTHER DEPENDABLE DEALER

In addition to *Filmart*, which we mentioned in our April column, Etmans and Sons, Inc./NUFO Laboratory (P.O. Box 811, Dayton, Ohio 45401) is a photo lab that provides good, reliable and confidential film-developing service. For a complete list of Dependable Dealers and Shifty Sellers, write *Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067, and include 50 cents for postage and handling.

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SWEDISH girls traveling country! Intimate photos, data is - \$1.00. ngrid, Box 7425-H, Chicago, 60680, USA

DISCREET, personal introductions. Sensual, sophisticated swingers. Couples-Singles. Inquire: Plamates, Box 3355, York, Pa. 17402. 1-717-848-1468

SLIDES, movies, tapes, photos. Catalogue, sample \$1. HSP, Box 2187, Bramalea, Ontario, Canada

ARE YOU lonely? Photographs, descriptions, men, women \$1.00 postpaid. LadySmith, Box 5686H, Light-house Point, Fla 33064

SIT ON A Happy Face bumper sticker. Send one dollar to: Face, Box 203, Troy, MI 48064

WOMEN Are Waiting! Broadminded young women actively looking for men. They contact you, so don't hesitate. Send \$1.00 for membership info. Your Choice, 705 Olive St., Room 309, Dept H-1, St. Louis, Mo. 63101

JAPANESE Girls make wonderful wives. We have large number of listings. Many interested in marriage. Only \$1.00 for application, photos, names, descriptions, etc Japan International, Box 156-HU, Carnelian Bay, Ca. 95711

GAL'S Swinging Group now accepts men! Carolyn, Box 2375-H, Sarasota, 33578

LOVELY ladies, magazine addresses, \$3.00. "UNK", 455-H 99th, Niagara Falls, N.Y. 14304

MEN'S LIST! You say "Yes" or "No" to women in your area. Our girls ready to make first move. Send just \$1.00 for personal communication. Inside Man, 2942 No. Central Ave., Dept HRA, Chicago, Ill. 60634

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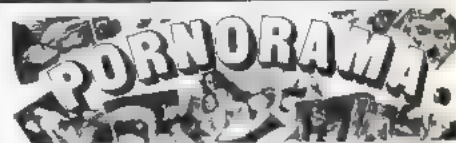
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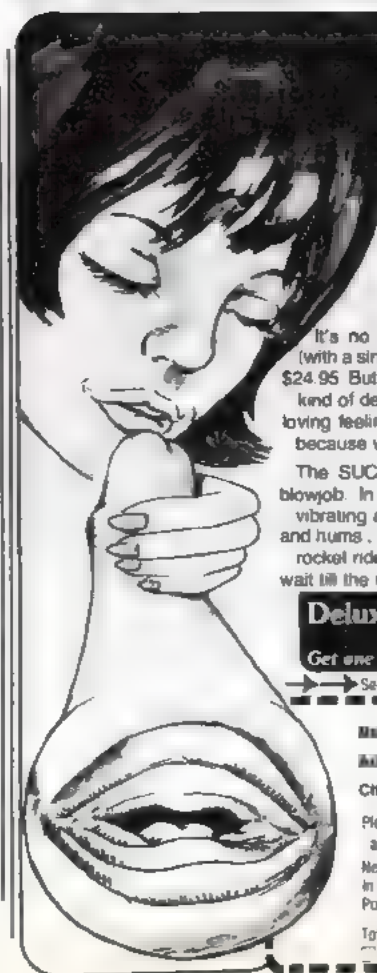


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All 4 only	<input type="checkbox"/> \$10	<input type="checkbox"/> \$20
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Package A	<input type="checkbox"/> \$3
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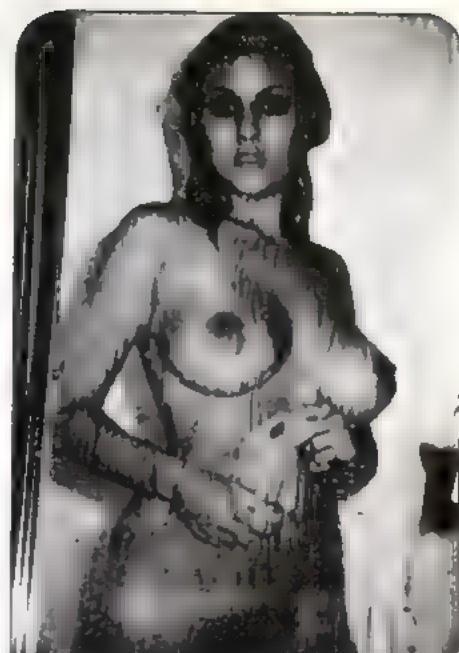
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LOOKING FOR MR. GOOBER

(continued from page 109)

resembled just so many pilgrims seeking out the Clear Light. At one point I began to hallucinate Carter's face superimposed on the lecturer's... which caused me to temporarily swear off booze.

After the class one of the deacons invited me to join them in worship services even later that evening, and to visit him personally during the week at his hardware store. I begged off, saying I wanted to catch *Oh, God!* up at the Americus Cinema. Just then the girls' choir let out, and a covey of pristine-faced teenage girls bounced past me into the chapel. I almost changed my mind.

As Lord Buckley used to say, the experience was "a real shaker." Worse than sitting through a session of "the dozens" back at Smith's—much worse. Forgetting my recent vow, I reached under the car seat for the bottle of Old Ezra and took a long swig before driving up to Americus to see God on film.

I hobbled home after the show—a Sodomite crippled by a double injection of religion. I switched on the TV back at my room and was greeted by a corporate face who spoke as follows: "Put your children on the right road with a Christian education..." Sunday is a rough day for sinners in Georgia.

The following evening Nancy and I pulled another all-nighter, this time at her house while viewing the Ku Klux Klan slides and hanging out in her backyard. Nancy told me she and her friend Diane had decided to attend the Klan rally simply because neither of them could believe that the KKK still existed.

There had been about 30 klansmen and klanswomen in the crowd—Imperial Wizards, Grand Dragons, Exalted Cyclopes—dressed in full regalia like so many coneheads of hate, the last vestiges of an organization once capable of marching in the hundreds of thousands down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington. On that evening the Klan seemed pathetic, peddling its bigotry behind half-righteous causes: Andrew Young, the cancellation of the B-1 bomber, the potential resumption of trade with Cuba.

Nancy and Diane had been stopped by three state troopers: "What are you girls doing here?" It was a cruise, since the questioning trooper was a social acquaintance of Diane. The local trooper garrison had been expanded from three to 15 men since Carter had become President, but neither the troopers, Nancy or Diane expected any trouble at this gathering. Miss Lillian, the President's mother, wasn't expect-

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ing trouble either. She was at the rally with a friend and an aide because, as she stated at the ensuing trial, "I had never seen a Ku Klux Klan uniform. I was curious."

Meanwhile, up in Americus, Buddy Cochran, a local truck mechanic and Vietnam veteran, was being interviewed by the TV people. Buddy had been drinking. He thought the Klan was just so much horseshit: "I don't like what they have to say about the black folks and the Jews—at all." Buddy meant what he had said.

At one point during the rally Nancy spotted a couple in night-rider drag holding hands and walking over to a deserted corner of the field. She snapped their picture in the dwindling twilight. For her this had been the highlight of the evening, as she listened to Imperial Wizard Bill Wilkinson trying to exhort the noncrowd.

The Wiz suddenly found himself sitting on the ground. A Jaguar had ripped through the speakers' platform and crowd, leaving 39 injured bodies in its path. Nancy, Diane and Miss Lillian had no idea what had happened until it was all over, and Buddy Cochran lay slumped at the wheel of his battered Jag. Shouts of "White nigger!" and "Kill him!" rose up around the car. A single gunshot was heard. Nancy, Diane

and Miss Lillian (with her entourage) quickly left the rally.

In a rather grim irony, none of the injured had been Klanspeople, while many had been reporters covering the rally. Cochran was treated for cuts and hustled off to the Sumter County Jail, where, he claimed, "When I was locked up, they left my cell door open. They wanted me to make a break for it so they could waste me."

Cochran wasn't wasted. He was freed on \$210,000 bail raised by the black community of Plains. He was convicted on eight counts of aggravated assault, and sentenced to 12 years in prison plus eight additional years on probation. Then, on a December morning, Cochran did make a break for it, but was captured the same night and returned to his cell.

Today the old-timers in the white community sit in beer halls and grumble about the Jimmy Carters and Buddy Cochrans. Several generations ago neither man would have even existed in this area.

Early in the morning Nancy and I walked around to the front of her house from the backyard. Nancy stopped by her roommate's window: "There's Diane." Diane was fast asleep in her underwear. I looked away. Clearly,

Nancy hadn't believed me when I told her I was a lecher.

At the unlocked screen door she teased, "Do people leave their doors open in New York?"

"No," I said. "Only a maniac lives with less than two locks in New York."

Nancy and I exchanged mutual thank-yous before parting. It wasn't necessary to say anything else. We intuitively understood each other. I drove back to the motel, feeling glad to have met her and feeling almost guilty for the corniness of my sentiments. But it occurred to me that life is filled with corn, and the beauty of life is directly proportionate to the amount of this corn we allow ourselves to feel.

On reflection, my experiences in southwestern Georgia were transient and superficial. Nevertheless, it was easy to see that beneath the area's country-simple exterior lies a complex swirl of conservative attitudes in transition. As I drove back to Atlanta, I felt a sudden rush of goodwill toward Jimmy Carter. Somehow it was reassuring that he came from a place where people wave to you in the street, where men still practice the art of conversation in beer halls and where women still sleep behind unlocked doors.

After all, I thought, can anyone coming from a place like this be all bad? ☹



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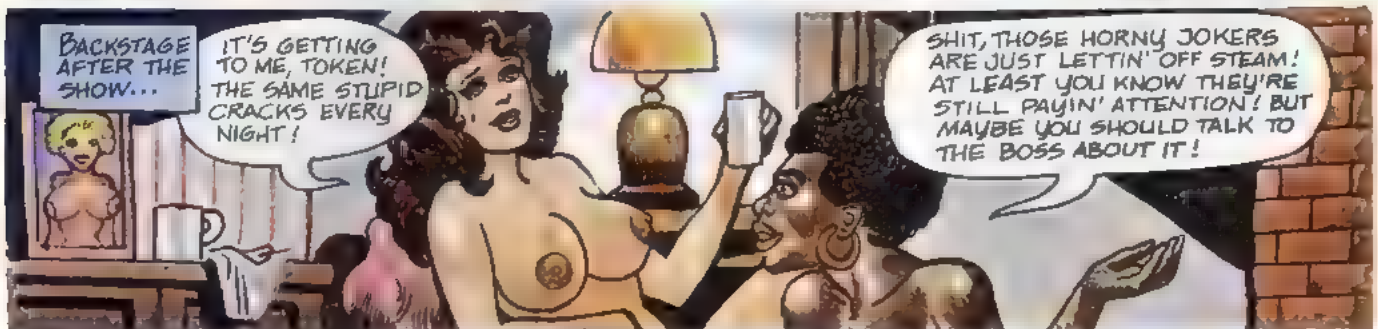
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Honey

by BRUCE NETHERCUT &
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WHEN WE LAST SAW HONEY, SHE WAS PIECING HERSELF TOGETHER AFTER A PAINFUL LOVE AFFAIR! LIKE OTHERS IN HER SITUATION, HONEY TRIES TO MEND HER BROKEN HEART BY PLUNGING HEADLONG INTO HER WORK!

SHOW BUSINESS, LIKE MOST CAREERS, HAS ITS UPS AND DOWNS. AFTER SEVERAL MONTHS OF THE SAME BUMPS AND GRINDS AT THE HALF 'N' HALF LOUNGE, HONEY FEELS SHE IS GOING DOWN FAST!



HONEY FOLLOWS TOKEN'S SUGGESTION AND PAYS A VISIT BACKSTAGE TO FRANKIE FASTABUCCA, MANAGER OF THE HALF 'N' HALF.



THE NEXT DAY AT WORK, HONEY STILL HADN'T GOTTEN OVER HER ANNOYANCE WITH FRANKIE!

I COULD TAKE THAT CHAUVINIST WEASEL TO COURT FOR TRYING TO MAKE ME SUCK HIM OFF! I THOUGHT HE LIKED MY DANCING, NOT MY TONGUE!

YOU ASK ME, HE LIKES YOUR DANCING TONGUE!

WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL? YOU SWALLOW HIS WEENIE, THIRTY SECONDS LATER HE SHOOTS HIS LOAD, AND YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY TO THE TOP. WHEN YOU WORK IN A PLACE LIKE THIS, YOU LEAVE YOUR INTEGRITY AT THE DOOR.

FOLLOWING DINNER WITH HER NEIGHBOR AND SOMETIMES BOYFRIEND, JOHN FOIL, HONEY TRIES TO EXPLAIN HER DIFFICULTIES AT WORK. BUT, REMEMBERING JOHN'S JEALOUS NATURE, SHE PRESENTS HER CONFLICT IN GENERAL TERMS.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'RE SO NERVOUS ABOUT MOVING TO A BETTER CLUB! DON'T WORRY ABOUT GETTING AHEAD. JUST GO OUT AND DO IT!

I WISH I WAS DOING THE GETTING RATHER THAN THE GIVING!

AFTER CONSIDERABLE SOUL-SEARCHING, HONEY DECIDES THAT MAYBE HER FRIENDS HAVE A POINT! SHE CERTAINLY WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST GIRL TO CONVERT HER TRANSFERABLE ASSETS INTO SOME SHOW-BIZ CREDITS.

I'VE RECONSIDERED YOUR PROPOSITION, FRANKIE. I'M WILLING TO DO BUSINESS ON YOUR TERMS!

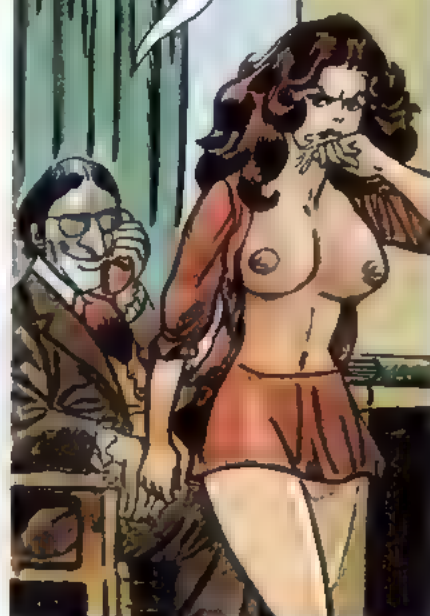
THAT'S USIN' YOUR HEAD, HONEYBUN! NOW WORK QUICK! I'M A HARD MAN TO PLEASE!

SO HONEY'S STREETWALKING EXPERTISE COMES IN HANDY ONCE AGAIN!

... THEN THERE'S FIVE GRAND FOR THE LIQUOR, THREE GRAND FOR THE TALENT, TWO GRAND FOR THE COPS... DON'T STOP- I LIKE THAT... LET'S SEE... 500 FOR THE JUKEBOX PEOPLE!

HONEY'S ORDEAL DRAWS TO A QUICK, PAINLESS CLIMAX. SHE KNOWS DEEP INSIDE THERE ARE BETTER WAYS TO GET PROMOTED! EVEN FRANKIE'S CUM TASTES GREASY!

JUST A SEC, RICO. THANKS A LOT, DEAR, YOU PASSED THE AUDITION... NOW WHERE WAS I?



SO HONEY SWALLOWS HER FEARS, DECIDES TO GO ON THE ROAD AND SAYS GOOD-BYE TO JOHN.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU, HONEY. FOUR WEEKS ON THE ROAD FOR BIG MONEY! YOU SHOULD BE JUMPING OUT OF YOUR PANTS WITH EXCITEMENT!

I KNOW! IT'LL HIT ME LATER, I GUESS!

THEIR FIRST STOP IS THE PLUSH ROCOCO CABANA CLUB. HONEY HAS TO ADMIT IT'S A PRETTY IMPRESSIVE PLACE.

I NEVER DREAMED I'D BE DANCING ANYWHERE LIKE THIS. I HOPE I DON'T GET TOO OVERWHELMED AND FALL FLAT ON MY FACE!

NO DANGER OF THAT, DEARIE. WE'VE GOT HALF AN HOUR BEFORE YOUR FIRST SHOW. I KNOW WHAT WILL CALM YOU DOWN!

FRANKIE, ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE ME A STAR OR JUST MAKE ME?

EVERYBODY HAS TO PAY SOME DUES, HONEY.

BUT BENEATH THE GLAMOUR AND GLITTER, SOME RUDE SHOCKS LAY IN AMBUSH FOR HONEY AS SHE BEGINS HER ACT!

SHOW US THOSE STRETCH MARKS, SWEETIE!

GOD, THIS PLACE IS A BIGGER TOILET THAN THE HALF N' HALF.

IS THERE A SILICONE SPECIALIST IN THE HOUSE?

IN CONTRAST TO THE HEAT AND FURY HONEY ENCOUNTERS ON STAGE, THE ATMOSPHERE BEHIND THE SCENES IS DECIDEDLY CHILLY.

SO SHE'S FRANKIE FASTABUCCA'S LATEST LITTLE TWAT. PROBABLY GOT THE CLAP BY NOW!

IN ANOTHER MONTH SHE'LL BE FARRAH FAWCETT-MINOR ... OLD NEWS!

AFTER SUCH A DISASTROUS DEBUT HONEY WOULD LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP TO ERASE THE WHOLE PAINFUL EXPERIENCE. BUT FRANKIE HAS OTHER PLANS.

YOU WERE SENSATIONAL, HONEY. I'VE GOT SOME VERY HEAVY SHOW-BIZ PEOPLE WHO ARE DYING TO MEET YOU THIS VERY MINUTE!

I DON'T KNOW! I'M AWFULLY TIRED! THEY REALLY THOUGHT I WAS GOOD THOUGH?

HONEY SENSES HER MISTAKE THE MOMENT SHE WALKS INTO THE 'QUIET LITTLE GET-TOGETHER' FRANKIE HAS ARRANGED!

NOW I KNOW WHAT YOU MEANT BY THE WORD 'HEAVY.' I THINK I FEEL A HEADACHE COMING ON!

BE FRIENDLY! THESE GUYS BANKROLL EVERYTHING FROM ACTRESSES TO ZEBRA FARMS! WITH THE RIGHT TOUCH, YOU CAN MAKE IT BIG!

COME OVER HERE, BABY! I WANT YOU TO RUN YOUR LONG FINGERS OVER THE FAT BANKROLL IN MY PANTS POCKET!

HONEY'S PENT-UP RAGE FINALLY BOILS OVER.

OF COURSE, I'D PREFER MORE THAN JUST A FINANCIAL INTEREST IN THOSE BIG TALENTS OF YOURS, HONEY!

GO FUCK ONE OF YOUR ZEBRAS, ASSHOLE. I'M SPLITTING!

A FEW HOURS LATER HONEY'S ANGER HAS COOLED DOWN. ON THE BUS RIDE BACK HOME, SHE SEES HER SITUATION IN A MORE OBJECTIVE LIGHT.

I DON'T KNOW, KID! SOMETIMES YOU SET YOURSELF UP FOR THESE BUMMERS. MAYBE I WAS ASKING TO BE MISTREATED BY THOSE PIGS THE WAY I WAS MISTREATING MYSELF BY USING SEX FOR MONETARY GAIN. SEX WITHOUT FEELING BECOMES SELF-DESTRUCTIVE!

BACK HOME WITH JOHN FOIL, HONEY IS ANXIOUS TO PUSH THE BAD MEMORIES OF FRANKIE FASTABUCCA AND HIS QUICKIE TOUR OUT OF HER MIND

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE HOW GOOD IT FEELS TO BE BACK HERE WITH SOMEONE WHO CARES ABOUT ME!

I LIKE TO HEAR IT, BUT THERE'S A BETTER WAY TO GET THAT MESSAGE ACROSS SECONDS?

HONEY KNOWS SHE FACES A LONG UPHILL CLIMB TO STARDOM, BUT IT IS A TRIP SHE VOWS TO MAKE ON HER OWN TWO FEET AND NOT FLAT ON HER BACK. SHE HAS COME AWAY FROM HER DEGRADING EXPERIENCE WITH FRANKIE HAVING LEARNED ONE VERY IMPORTANT LESSON...TRUE STARS ARE BORN, NOT MADE.

INTERVIEW: DON EMBINDER

(continued from page 86)

negative trade-off is the fact that you don't get a chance to raise kids—but when you're gay, you can't always have your cake and eat it too.

HUSTLER: Some people take exception to the use of the word *gay* because its current connotation precludes a traditional use of the word.

EMBINDER: That's probably true. If you said somebody was gay, most likely I would think that he was homosexual, as opposed to being effusive and happy. Personally, I like the word. I'm glad it's ours.

HUSTLER: Do you find the word *fag* offensive?

EMBINDER: Yeah, it's derogatory. Nobody's ever called me a fag or a queer, and if he did he had better be prepared to defend himself. If a gay called me a fag, though, it would be totally different. He'd be kidding. It's like a black person calling another black person "nigger." It means a totally different thing. "I'm not going to another fag bar tonight" or "Stop acting like such a fag" is fine as long as it's homosexual to-homosexual. It's really the *spirit* of what you are talking about that counts.

HUSTLER: At a mixed gathering of strangers how can a gay know if another person is gay?

EMBINDER: It's hard to put in words, but I think there is a way of telling. In terms of conversation there are cues built in. You build a conversation that narrows the range, begins to focus in on *anything* that may suggest that another person is gay. Certainly, you want to find out if he is single. And you check his style of dress. If he tends to be more fashion-conscious, he may be gay—although in New York it could be that he's *less* fashion-conscious, or under-dressed as opposed to what might be considered overdressed. But *something* would happen. Gays generally find a way to relate to each other.

There's an incredible underground of correspondence and communication in gay society, as in any other minority that has to protect itself from society as a whole. It always amazes me. For example, something can happen on the West Coast, and everybody in New York and Washington and Atlanta knows about it the next morning. It's amazing how quickly the news can travel. So gays have a lot of *conversation* in common, even if they are strangers. And they'd know each other in a crowded room.

HUSTLER: Do you think people are born gay, or is it, instead, an acquired preference?

EMBINDER: I don't know. I think

there ought to be major research on what determines people's sexual preferences. Such research would surely help deal with the psychological hang-ups of American society—not just homosexual society, but heterosexual society as well. Psychological problems often relate to people's inability to accept or deal with their own sexual preferences, whether on a conscious or unconscious level.

But I don't know the answer to your question, and I've never gotten any valid answers in my own searches. Maybe there are so many answers that there is no single valid one.

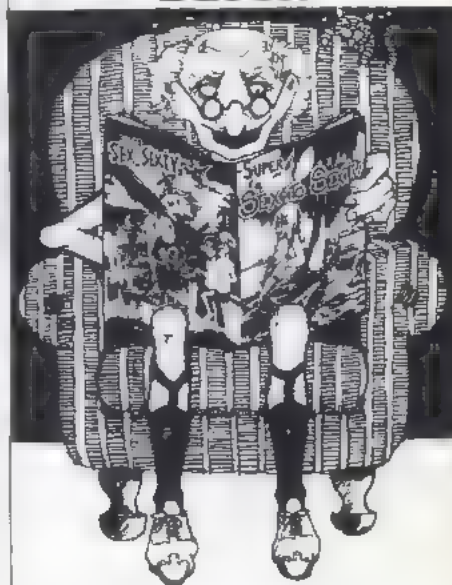
HUSTLER: When one goes open with his sexuality, how does he tell the folks? Can you recall how you introduced your parents to the fact that you were gay?

EMBINDER: This is a difficult problem for many gay people. They have to hide what their life is about—the excitements, the enthusiasms, as well as the tragedies that they *should* be able to share with their families. And yet, until their family is aware of the situation, they can't share things fully. And that's hurtful to people. It's unfortunate. For many gays it means living in full-time fear—fear of being found out. Often there is no choice about becoming open. Someone else makes the announcement. I didn't tell my parents. They were *told* by a third party—and the reason was essentially a spiteful one. As it turned out, very fortunately, my parents had the love and ability to deal with the situation in a good way, and we have become a much closer family as a result.

HUSTLER: One final question, Don. Ultimately, how do you want to be remembered?

EMBINDER: As a person who was honest and fair, and as the man who brought *Blueboy* to millions of gays in America—especially the guys who feel all alone, who live in small towns all over this country. If you spend enough time in New York, San Francisco and Chicago—the big cities where there is always a gay bar around the corner and there's no difficulty in finding other gay people—you can lose track of the fact that there are still people growing up in communities all over this country who think that they are different, strange, unusual... and that there's nobody else like them in the whole country. And *Blueboy* is perhaps the most satisfying thing they can get: something of quality that outlines their life-style, that tells them there *are* many other people who have the same interests, who laugh at the same things they do, who are interested in the same sort of pictures and stories and things—and, above all, that tells them they are not alone.

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IT'S YOU!

(continued from page 92)

offered to swap him for the Monster he'd keep the Monster, but he sure would think it over a lot. So when they got inside he made it his business to find out who was driving it, and he had his mouth all set to sit down and really talk, but it turned out to belong to some rich chick whose daddy had given it to her for her eighteenth birthday and she didn't know an axle from an ax handle. That one time he really felt cheated and mad, and it was the first time he felt dead sure he couldn't explain it and drove home too fast without talking and scared her a bit, and wouldn't talk after they got home either.

Also, she cut his hair. She could do that. She could do anything she tried and she did it well. It looked great. It was a lot different, but it really did look fine.

One night after some sex, and it really was the most, and she slipped off to sleep in the way she had, he lay thinking about things and remembered something about roll bars and antisways he had read somewhere, but couldn't pin it down. He got up carefully and went out to the Monster and got the flashlight and went into the garage and got out the boxes with the back issues in them, and squatted there looking them over for so long his feet went numb and the batteries quit. He sat there in the dark banging his heels against the concrete to wake them up and you know something? He felt wonderful. He put away the magazines in the boxes and then put away the boxes and limped back into the house and to bed. He didn't think she knew.

He bought heavy-duty batteries first thing next day, and about a week later it happened again just the same way. He didn't figure out what was happening—he was not the figuring-out kind, maybe. But the third or fourth time it happened he was kneeling in the middle of the concrete floor with a drag pictorial on steam turbines down at the bottom of his tunnel of light when he heard something. He switched off his flash and the color print of a bright-red three-wheel squirt, with the driver in prone position, faded from his eyes to be replaced by her shadowy naked figure in the doorway.

He said, "Well, I didn't want you to wake up."

She said the only bitter thing she had ever said to him. She pointed at his crotch and said, "You use that as a kind of sleeping pill for me, don't you?" Then she went back inside.

He stayed to pack away the magazines and then followed. She seemed to

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be asleep so he got in quietly and did not touch her. They did not talk about it in the morning.

That night they went to another party, and no less than three cats told him at different times how great his threads were. Well, she had good taste; she knew what looked good. The party was beautiful people and two guitars and a side table full of things made of rice and a lot of different kinds of cheese and wine—a desert. When they got home she went to bed and he went into the bathroom to get rid of the desert inside and out, and a terrible thing happened to him. He looked into the mirror and did not know who that was in there.

I mean it was a great haircut and the guru-style collar on the cotton-satin shirt-jacket was so well-cut it did not look freaky, and then there were the deep-buffed reversed-calf boots, like suede so nappy it was almost fur. But none of it was *him*, nothing he remembered, nothing he ever thought about when he thought *Me*. A terrible thing.

He took off all the clothes and hung them up and put them and the shoes away. Then he took off the medallion and put it on the TV and went to bed and right to sleep.

She was up ahead of him as usual and breakfast was ready. He went out into the garage naked and found his black

cords and the Western shirt with the rawhide on the pockets, and his old line-man's boots, and put them all on. He came in and ate. While he was eating she told him she had done everything in the world to make him happy. He agreed that she had and said it had all been great.

It was Saturday and he hopped in the Monster and went down to the Rents. He felt very strange, holding something inside of himself locked down tight, knowing it was no good to let it all out because he couldn't explain it to anybody if he did. They remembered him all right and got the 6-by-10 hitched on and the mirror mounted in half the time. He drove back to the house and up the driveway to the garage and loaded all his stuff into the trailer. It didn't take too long.


She came out and watched him finish. "Come inside." He just shook his head and vaulted into the bucket. She came over and stood beside the Monster, holding her hands together real tight. "Knightly, Knightly, what is it? Tell me what's the matter."

He could only stare blindly at the tachometer. The only thing that came to him seemed so crazy he could not bring himself to say it: *I want my real name back*. He said, "I'm no good at explaining things, Hon."

But she was. She knelt by the Monster so he could look down into those double-arched eyes in that frame of copper-yellow, and she said how she had been thinking and thinking, and she realized how wrong she had been. She began a whole list of promises. She said, "I'll try to learn about cars and go with you to the drag strips and the shops. I'll pick it up quickly, and then I'll pay more attention to the way you want to look and not the way I want you to look. And I never realized it, but I shouldn't've made you quit the Emergency and live the way I live." And more, like about she never had found out what he used to eat before he met her; she just cooked what she thought he ought to like without asking.

She would change; she would change. Any way he wanted her to, she would change.

He almost had a thought worth saying, something about what happened to people when they had to change, but he couldn't get it into shape. Maybe later she could figure it out for herself. He started the motor and shifted into low and checked the mirrors on both sides, and then throttled way back so she could hear him. He said, as he began slipping the clutch, "It ain't any of those things, Hon."

"It's you." 



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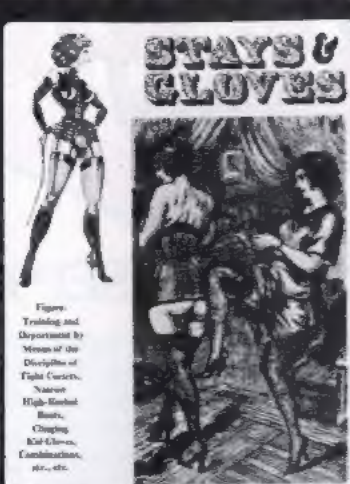
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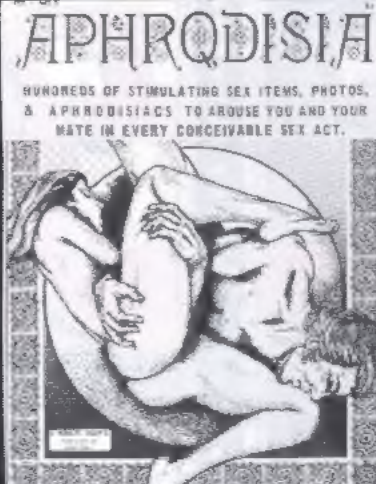


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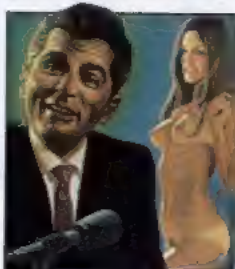
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